UARY 18, 1941

AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty

5¢

AMBASSADOR TO HITLER:

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

Whose darling?

Whose heart will she gladden? Whose life will she fill? Whose home will she grace?

The answer is nobody's.

She'll always be the "extra girl" . . . the fifth wheel . . . the woman men are glad to forget—*unless she does something about her breath.* After all, what is there like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to cheat a woman out of good times, good friends, and even marriage?

How's Your Breath? You yourself may not know when your breath is off-color; this very moment you may be offending without realizing it.

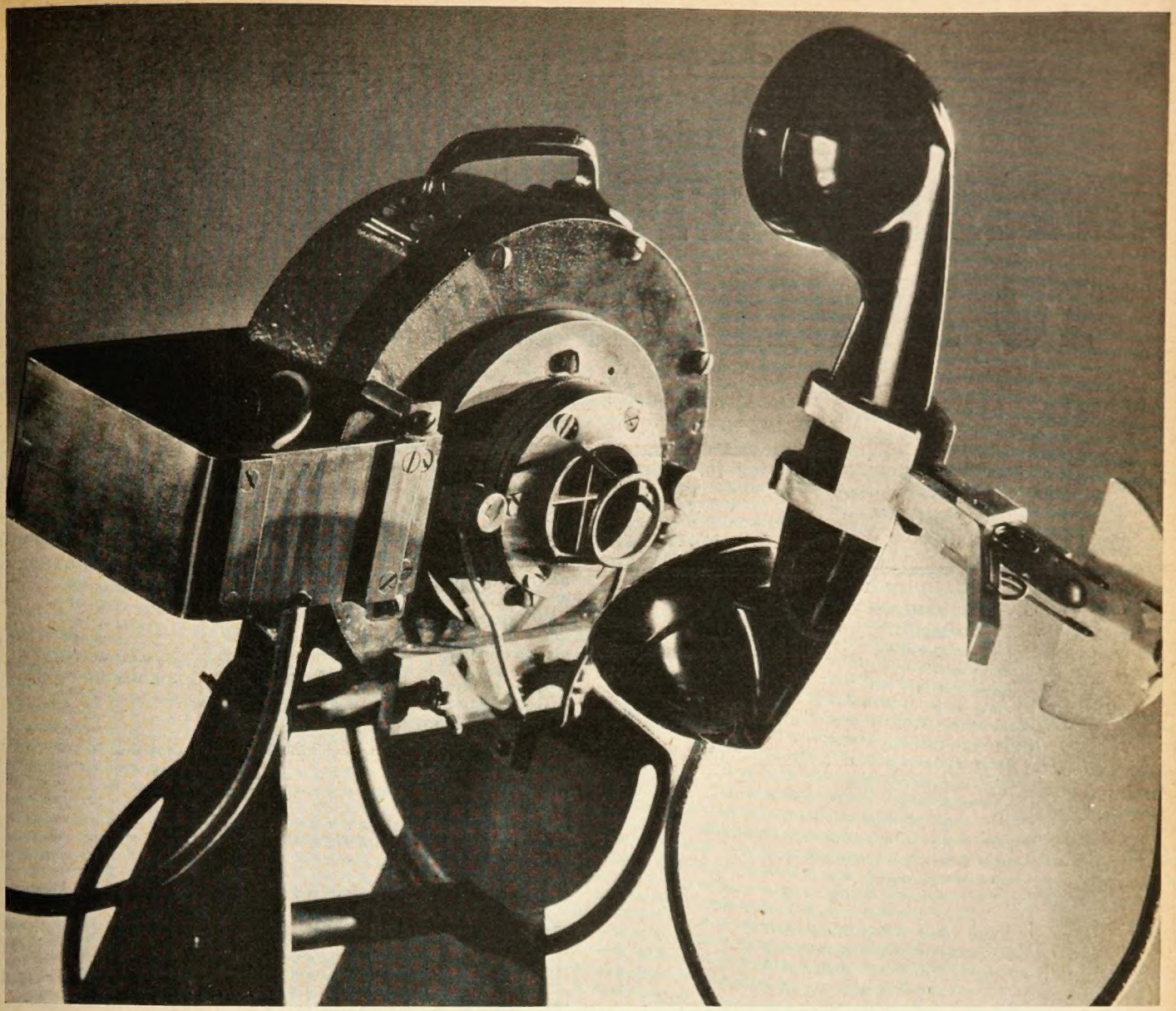
Why not use Listerine Antiseptic before business and social engagements? Why take long chances with friendships and popularity, when it is so easy to take this delightful precaution that so many popular, successful people rarely omit?

Although sometimes systemic, halitosis frequently arises in the mouth. The minute you rinse with Listerine Antiseptic, it begins to halt fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to teeth, mouth and gum surfaces, believed by some authorities to be a major cause of breath odors. Once Listerine halts fermentation, it then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

Don't forget it pays to use Listerine before all business and social engagements.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH



SAID THE ELECTRICAL MOUTH TO THE ELECTRICAL EAR . . .

"*Joe took father's shoe bench out.*
She was waiting at my lawn."

If you were passing through the Bell Telephone Laboratories today you might hear an electrical mouth speaking this odd talk, or whistling a series of musical notes, to a telephone transmitter.

This mouth can be made to repeat these sounds without variation. Every new telephone transmitter is tested by this mouth before it receives a laboratory or manufacturing O.K. for your use.

This is only one of the many tests to which telephone equipment is subjected in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. And there is a reason for the selection of those particular words.

It happens that the sentence, "Joe took father's shoe bench out," and its more lyrical companion, "She was waiting at my lawn," contain all the fundamental sounds of the English language that contribute to the intensity of sound in speech.

Busily at work in the interest of every one who uses the telephone is one of the largest laboratories in the world. The development of the telephone in this country is proof of the value of this research. In times like these, the work of the Bell Telephone Laboratories is especially important.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Bell System is doing its part in the country's program of National Defense

JANUARY 18, 1941

Liberty

VOL. 18, NO. 3

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

ENTIRE NATION MUST TRAIN TO AVOID ENSLAVEMENT

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are living in a world in which brute force is definitely in control. Sorry to relate, it is frequently directed with unusual intelligence. Scientific mass murder it could be properly called.

Until recent years it was frequently stated that the world was growing better, that human beings were more humane, that the violence and brutality of former years were gradually disappearing; but recent events would incline us to believe that civilization, after all, is but a thin veneer.

The statement has often been made that we are only removed a few meals from savagery and that a hungry mob is not unlike a pack of hungry wolves. So-called culture and refinement, supposed to be associated with modern progress, then disappear entirely. Christian influence is forgotten. Lawless mobs usually have but one objective. They will rob, murder, commit any offense that will feed an empty stomach. Human wolves!

The "peace at any price" advocates acquired great influence in this country, but they have disappeared. They may have been willing to turn the other cheek when one was already smarting from a blow; but the murder of noncombatants from the air, the unspeakable brutality of such warfare, has so definitely emphasized the need for protection against such savage enemies that preparation for war has even appealed to these visionaries.

In the distant past we faced nature in the raw. Hoofs, claws, and teeth were the weapons that tore human flesh. But the science of killing has been modernized, brought up to date. This is a mechanical age, and murderous machines have been invented that enable one man with huge bombs, tanks, and other weapons to do the work which required fifty or more in former generations. The Christian spirit which has had so much to do with the development of this country should be retained as much as possible, but it should not be allowed to interfere with our main objective—the development of the man power essential to save us from the slavery visited on some European nations.

We have been so busy making money, so closely occupied with the attainment of the success manifested through what we term modern progress as evidenced by position, financial affluence, social, political, and other advantages, that we have entirely neglected what might definitely be termed the very foundation of all our resources—and that is our physical status as men and women, with which our pioneer ancestors were so well supplied.

Regardless of our mental attainments, unless we acquire the physical force to drive home the principles associated with high ideals our efforts will be fruitless. We have fallen far below the physical standard maintained by our pioneer ancestors. They labored in the fields and secured their food direct from the soil. We lack the vitality and endurance of these hardy pioneers, and unless we are willing to make the sacrifices necessary throughout the entire nation, the American way of life we love so dearly will soon disappear.

On this editorial page in a recent issue I suggested a plan whereby every citizen desirous of being helpful in this serious emergency could secure advice, free, direct from governmental official sources, and this plan could be easily carried out. Within a few weeks every possible active worker of both sexes could be contacted, a skeletonized description of their physical status ascertained, and advice given that would be of definite benefit in every instance. But officially no interest has been aroused. With such a procedure, Congress could take action that would make this entire nation health- and athletically-minded within a few months.

It is not enough to train a million or even several million soldiers. The entire nation should go into training. We must remember that we are competing with the totalitarian nations, whether we like it or not. We should prepare to meet Hitler's legions with all their mechanized forces. Their entire attention has been devoted to preparing a nation of fighters. From childhood up their boys and girls have been carefully trained, physically and mentally. We have given comparatively little attention to the physical requirements of such training, and it is foolish for us to believe that we can fittingly prepare to defeat these fighting nations if we depend entirely on the soldiers whom we expect to bear the brunt of the fighting.

The entire nation should begin to train for this dire emergency with which we are threatened.

Bernarr Macfadden

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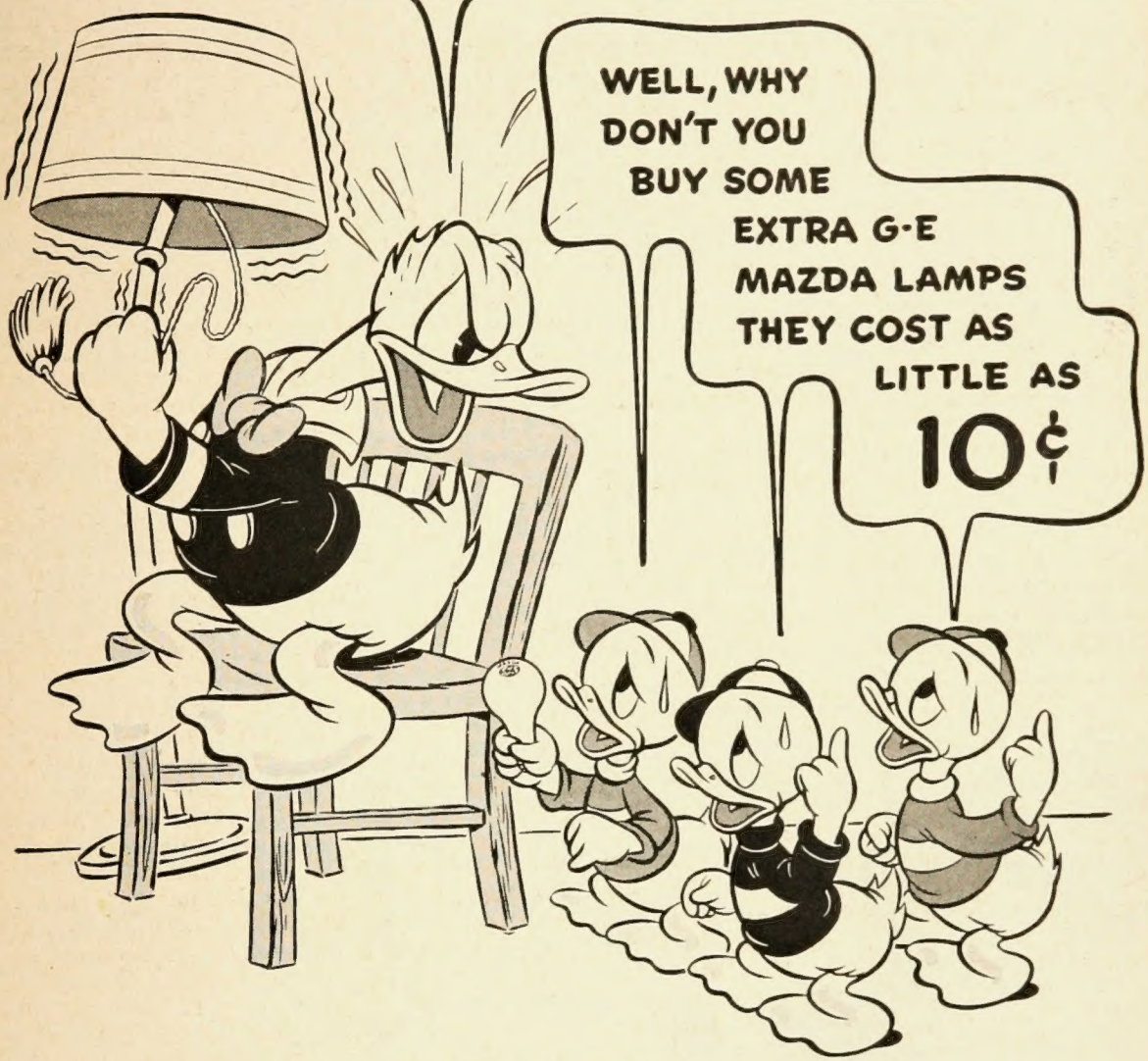
BULB SNATCHER!

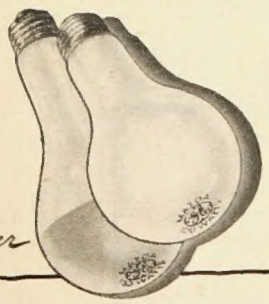


Why be a bulbsnatcher when good light costs so little? Follow Donald Duck to the store and get enough *spare* G-E MAZDA bulbs so every reading lamp always totals at least 100 watts!

© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

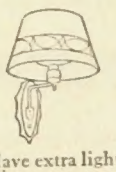
7½, 15, 25 watt	10¢
40, 50, and 60 watt	13¢
75 and 100 watt	15¢
150 watt	20¢
150 watt Silvered Bowl . .	45¢

Made to stay brighter longer

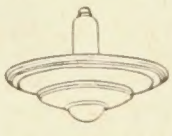


See these clever light conditioning devices at the stores now.

This bowl turns old floor lamps into better sight lamps.



Have extra light wherever you need it with pin-to-wall lamps.



Silvered bowl lamp adapters help modernize kitchen lights.

Get better light for better sight with certified I. E. S. lamps.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Re: Germany's Grip on America's Defense

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—This may be late in the day to come forward to defend an honorable firm against inferences that could be drawn — and probably were—from Walter Karig's Germany's Grip on America's Defense (August 24 Liberty), but I feel I must report my "findings" in justice to all.

Before me is a pamphlet received from Bausch & Lomb, the optical company, in which they are given complete clearance of any charges which might tend to show any business conduct on their part that might have hampered United States defense measures. The three letters I quote from this pamphlet prove the point.—*Arthur Quigley Ashe.*

[*Enclosures*]

Bausch & Lomb Optical Company,
Rochester, New York.

Dear Sirs:

The War Department is undertaking a program of munitions preparedness, perhaps the most important one that the country has ever undertaken. In this program there is nothing more important than the fire control instruments which the Department has called upon the Bausch & Lomb Company to manufacture.

The relations between the Bausch & Lomb Company and the War Department, extending over a long period of years, have been most satisfactory from every standpoint. At this critical time, the War Department has complete confidence in your company for excellence of workmanship, productive ability and patriotic co-operation.

The importance of expanding your plant and training skilled workers to produce equipment for the defense program can not be over emphasized. It is the desire of the War Department to assist you in every way possible in this difficult task.

Sincerely yours,
HENRY L. STIMSON
Secretary of War.

Dear Sirs:

As you are aware, the program for a 70-percent increase of the Navy, which has been authorized and the appropriation for which is now before Congress, will necessitate production of military optical instruments in much greater quantities than has heretofore been undertaken in this country. This production, in turn, will obviously necessitate the employment of many additional workers and an extensive training program because the highly skilled workers needed for this production are obtainable only by such training. The Navy Department is expecting the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company to take an important part in the production of these optical instruments.

The excellent design and high quality of workmanship that has characterized the rangefinders and other optical material that you have supplied the Navy in the past leads the Navy to believe that by thorough training of the new employees you will continue to produce instruments of the same high quality as heretofore.

Sincerely yours,
FRANK KNOX
Secretary of the Navy.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Company,
Rochester, New York.

Office of the Minister of Munitions
and Supply, Ottawa, Canada

Some months ago I made a statement in Parliament referring to an appeal for field glasses to private owners of same, to the effect that while a large Canadian order had been placed with Messrs. Bausch & Lomb that company had shown no great enthusiasm toward meeting our requirements.

I found later that I had not been correctly informed in the matter, that there had, in fact, been a delay in placing the Canadian order with you, and that you had filled the order substantially in accordance with the terms of our order.

I had fully intended to correct my statement in Parliament but found no opportunity to do so before the session closed. I am now asking our Publicity Department to arrange a suitable press release on the subject. Since the outbreak of war Bausch & Lomb have given the best of attention to our orders for war equipment, and I have no doubt that your firm will continue to co-operate with us. We are fortunate in having, in North America, a company capable of such excellence of workmanship, productive ability, and co-operative spirit.

C. D. HOWE.

AN EDGE ON ANY GRIND

CINCINNATI, OHIO—If you ax me, I am sorry to say that Vox Pop handles with care many star questions (masculine and feminine) weakly, but nevertheless it puts an edge on almost any grind. It even sharpens *my* wits, if I do haft to say so.—*Walter S. Coles.*

P.S. Should not the two illustrations on Vox Pop pages be reversed? The ladies do the VOXing, but the men do the POPping.

SEEDS OF DEMOCRACY

BIG TIMBER, MONT.—Bring fifty million of Europe's poor children over here, educate them, give them our concept of democracy, then let them go back at the end of hostilities. Won't they be seeds of a great reformation?

In this opportunity I think God has revealed His hand, and I pray the American people will grasp it.—*John Feeley.*

BUT WHAT PRICE PARTY?

ROME, GA.—Henceforth national conventions of both major parties should not have Vice-Presidential nominees but instead take the next highest man of either party for Vice-President. Hence the recent election would be Roosevelt for President and Willkie for Vice-President. This would ensure better unity, more representative form of government, more acceptable incumbent (elect), be a check on both party and administration, and elevate the Vice-Presidency and provide the best available man thereto.—*W. T. Carden.*

¶ "Four stars to J. F. Kernan's December 7 Liberty cover, so bright, breezy, and colorful," says Roderick Shields of Ithaca, New York.

SUSIE – NAME A MAIN DISH THAT SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE, COSTS ONLY ABOUT 5¢ A SERVING AND ALWAYS PLEASES THE GENTLEMEN.
LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF HASH!
Libby's
CORNED BEEF HASH
BRIGHT GIRLS know that Libby's Corned Beef Hash solves lots of menu problems. It's easy on the budget and easy to fix, and it tastes simply grand. Libby chefs mix fine tender corned beef (plenty of it!) with potatoes, onion, and seasonings in just the right proportions . . . give you an outstandingly delicious version of a dish America loves. Do taste Libby's Hash!
32 LIBBY'S MEATS . . . EACH A FLAVOR TRIUMPH

REAL EDITORIAL TIMBER

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Until I read War—Health—Doctors, by Bernarr Macfadden (November 30 Liberty), I always thought that editorials were merely filling timber. From a layman's point of view, I can say it was splendidly written and portrayed this part of the world exactly as it goes. We would like to hear more.—*C. Dougherty.*

WHICH IS LONGEST STREET?

SCARSDALE, N. Y.—*Re* No. 18 of December 7 Twenty Questions: What is the longest street in the world? It has always been my impression that Michigan Avenue, starting in Detroit, Michigan, and ending in Chicago, Illinois, had that distinction, and not Broadway, New York, as stated in your answer.

If such is not the case I stand corrected.—*C. M'Farlane.*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—So your Broadway only runs from Manhattan to Albany? How about Albuquerque's Central Avenue? It runs from Chicago to Santa Monica, California. Some people insist on calling this street Highway 66. —*Frank Skidmore.*

FICTION FOR A MAYOR

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Sometimes it is hard for me to keep up with my reading. I was over a week late reading November 30 Liberty, but I am glad that I did get the opportunity to read The Holy Child of Agincourt.

Mrs. Perry's portrayal of the Nazi psychology seems to be extremely good, and it was dramatically presented.

War stories are, of course, timely, but this was exceptionally fine.—*Maury Maverick, Mayor.*

LADY, WE'RE CONCENTRATING

GIRARD, CALIF.—

We shrink and shrink and shrink
As paragraphs they lop.
We'll snuff out with a blink,
We, pages of Vox Pop!

—*Henrietta Dundee.*

COLORED CITIZEN TESTIFIES

PICKENS, S. C.—Please accept my thanks for American Songbird—The Success Story of Dorothy Maynor, by Sylvia G. Dreyfus (November 30 Liberty). Only colored citizens can testify

★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★
World's Largest Telescope
MOUNT PALOMAR, CALIFORNIA

THIS GIANT TELESCOPE WILL BE AN ENORMOUS HELP TO ASTRONOMERS IN THEIR STUDY OF THE STARS
GOSH, I THOUGHT I FINISHED THAT SUBJECT IN MY LAST YEAR AT SCHOOL
QUIET, PLEASE —AND PASS THE PRINCE ALBERT!

IMAGINE SEEING THE MOON ONLY 25 MILES FROM EARTH
GOODY! WE'D FIND OUT WHAT THE MAN IN THE MOON IS DOING
SMOKING HIS PIPE, NO DOUBT!
AT THE CONTROL-BOARD — NERVE-CENTER OF THE TELESCOPE

BET THE MAN IN THE MOON HASN'T GOT THIS MILD, TASTY PRINCE ALBERT TO ENJOY
NEITHER HAVE I! PASS BACK THE P.A., MISTER — I'M SET TO ROLL UP A MELLOW, RICH-TASTING 'MAKIN'S' SMOKE
TUBE WHERE ASTRONOMER GUIDES PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE

DON'T GET EXCITED, JOE — KEEP COOL WITH COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT, THE TOBACCO FOR HAPPIER SMOKING
WITH THE BIG 200-INCH MIRROR, THE TELESCOPE WILL WEIGH NEARLY A MILLION POUNDS
BUCKET LIFT TO BOTTOM OF GREAT TUBE

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*

IT DOESN'T TAKE A TELESCOPE TO SEE HOW MUCH EASIER PRINCE ALBERT PACKS AND DRAWS — AND GIVE ME THAT NO-BITE PROCESS FOR REAL MILDNESS!
YOU BET, JUDGE! AND HOW EASY AND FAST P.A. ROLLS UP, TOO, INTO NEATER, ROUNDER 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

When someone's eyes are judging you
can you be sure it's Safe to Smile?...

the Answer's on the tip of your tongue

1 **Make the Tongue-Test...**
Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth...inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba . . . and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2 **Your Tongue Tells You**
Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull...bars your way to romance.

3 *Switch to* **Pepsodent** *with* **Irium**

Know the joy of Teeth that feel bright to you . . . look bright to others

Pepsodent will remove the filmy coating that clings to teeth . . . the coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. Because only Pepsodent contains IRIUM . . . super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away sticky particles that cling to teeth.

Use Pepsodent regularly. Because Pepsodent also contains an exclusive, new high-polishing agent that safely buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Only Pepsodent gives you this wonder-working combination that makes your teeth feel so smooth, look so bright. Make sure of the loveliness of your smile. Get a tube of Pepsodent with IRIUM today.

to the goodness of such favorable propaganda.

We look to Liberty for the advance guard of fair play in democracy.—*James T. Rogers.*

BAD FOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

FRUITA, COLO.—My attention was called to a letter in The Lady Suggested Sabotage (November 9 Liberty). As an officer of the American Legion, I remark that such folks as refuse to help our country in times of national emergency should lose their citizenship outright. Any who advocate sabotage or other means of obstruction at such a time, are public enemies, and should be treated as such.

Editor W. E. J. Gratz, a leader of the Epworth League, attempts an explanation in defense of the lady who talked in favor of sabotage, and only manages to make things look very bad for the Epworth League.—*Philip S. Black.*

NEW MOON UP AND DOWN

ROCKPORT, MASS.—In regard to Mr. H. L. Boggs' letter about the new moon coming up over the mountains (December 7 Vox Pop), hasn't ye editor also misunderstood Mr. Boggs? "Crescent" or "new," whichever it is called, it is on its way *down* in the west in the early evening sky, and I think that is his point.—*Hannah R. Grover.*

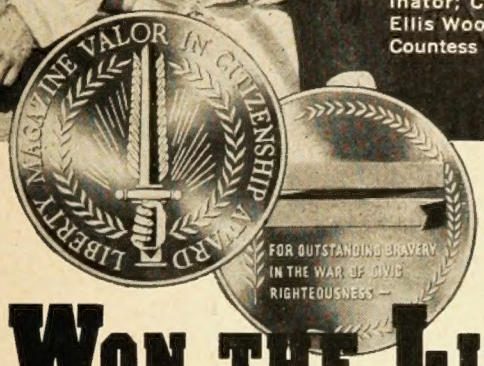
GENERAL BULLARD'S SERVICES

CHAPPAQUA, N. Y.— I urge that you publish more articles by General Bullard. I have read them not only with great interest but with a feeling that you and General Bullard are doing a great public service at this time.—*John D. Kenderdine, Major, Infantry Reserve, Author of Your Year in the Army.*

A PICTURE ALL SHOULD SEE

CASPER, WYO.—I have just seen the picture The Man I Married, taken from Liberty's wonderful story, I Married a Nazi. This is the best picture I have seen depicting the horror of Hitler's reign. Every American citizen should see this picture by all means. Why any German who will "Heil Hitler" is allowed to live under the American flag is one of the things our government should explain.—*Mrs. A. J. Woods.*

The winners and their nominator; Cecil Wetsel and Ellis Wood (left) with the Countess Jane de Tristan.



A small boy's adventure brings a notable recognition of courage

They Won the Liberty Medal for Valor in Citizenship

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

SINCE the kidnaping of a child is the most dastardly of crimes, the risking of his life by a private citizen in order to restore a kidnaped child to its parents is the valorous deed most worthy of recognition.

Consequently, the task of this year's Committee of Award of Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship—John Edgar Hoover, chairman, Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, and Rear Admiral Yates Stirling—has been greatly simplified.

To be sure, during recent months there have been many reports of outstanding heroism which deserved, and have received, serious consideration. But when the Countess Jane de Tristan, writing in these pages of the cruel kidnaping of her three-year-old son Marc, and his rescue, said, "I want to nominate Cecil Wetsel and Ellis Wood for the Liberty Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship," an aroused America could but second the nomination!

As you remember, little Marc was walking with his nurse near his home in Hillsborough, California, when a tall dark stranger drew alongside in a car, knocked the nurse down, dropped a ransom note, grabbed the child and, brandishing a revolver, got away with him. Two days later Cecil Wetsel, who in his college days played tackle for Washington State and who now owns a sawmill and lumber camp up in Eldorado County, saw a child answering to Marc's description in a car driven by a German alien who had become confused among the mountain roads. With Wetsel was Ellis Wood, one of his loggers, who had noticed the child from his perch on a load of lumber.

Although unarmed, Wetsel did not hesitate to ask who this baby was. Whereupon the kidnaper drew his .38 and warned the two lumbermen to leave him alone. Disregarding the revolver muzzle, Wetsel closed in on him and, with Wood's help, disarmed and captured him. Immediately Wetsel notified the San Francisco office of the F. B. I. The kidnaper, Wilhelm Jakob Muhlenbroich, was soon in San Quentin for life.

Heroism indeed! We are proud to announce that the unanimous decision of this year's Committee is that the Liberty Gold Medal be awarded to Cecil Wetsel, and that a second Gold Medal be awarded to Ellis Wood, his collaborator in the rescue of the de Tristan child.

Last year the task of the Committee, consisting of the then Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey of New York, and Judge George E. Q. Johnson of the Federal Court, was much more difficult. Some sixteen nominees stood out. But finally there emerged the figure of Maynard Berry, the young medical student "riding the rods" who met up with a desperate murderer in a pitch-dark freight car and succeeded in delivering him to the authorities and bringing about his conviction.

Mr. Macfadden engaged the Empire Room in New York City's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and invited several hundred notables to be his guests at a luncheon in the young man's honor. But such was Maynard's modesty that, although we communicated with him at every known past address, he refused to come forward and claim his honors. He was not discovered and lured into the spotlight until the very morning of the luncheon, when he announced casually that we had had his present address all the time, because he was a regular subscriber to Liberty!

But the party was a great success. Through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, the airways were cleared and the entire proceedings were heard from coast to coast. A surprise feature of the celebration—at least, a complete surprise to Mr. John Edgar Hoover—was the awarding to him of a special medal, not only as a symbol of the high regard in which his efforts as Director of the F. B. I. have long been held by Liberty's publisher and editors, but as a spontaneous tribute from thousands of Liberty readers who, unaware that the regular award was open to private individuals only, had selected the head G-man as the first American in the field of valor in citizenship.

We are again to have Mr. Hoover with us at this year's luncheon in honor of Mr. Wetsel and Mr. Wood. He has promised to make a brief address, and so have several other distinguished guests. The modest Messrs. Wetsel and Wood will be prevailed upon, if possible, to give the radio audience a detailed account of their experience, which will likewise be acted out for the benefit of NBC's listening public by a cast of capable actors.

The date of the luncheon is January 7. The hour of the broadcast of the entire award program, including Mr. Macfadden's, Mr. Fulton Oursler's, and Mr. Hoover's addresses, is 2 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

THE END

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD

American extraordinary!—Here at last are his own living footnotes to history

AMBASSADOR

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

OF all the diplomatic posts at President Roosevelt's disposal in the spring of 1933, none had more immediate significance than the Embassy in Berlin. None presented more thorny problems. There were frictions and disputes; America's participation in the World War had accentuated old grudges. And in January of that year Adolf Hitler had made his portentous accession to power.

In this confused and tense situation President Roosevelt turned to William E. Dodd, professor of history at the University of Chicago, in the hope that such an appointment would appeal to the best in the old German culture.

During the five years in which he held the post Mr. Dodd kept a diary, in which the day-to-day developments of Hitler's war aims were recorded. With his death it was released for publication. It is a vibrant human document, and in years to come, when the history of our troubled age is written, it will be regarded as indispensable primary information. Here is revealed the Roosevelt foreign policy in the making.

HITLER

PART ONE—

A Call from the President

JUNE 8, 1933. At twelve o'clock in my office at the University of Chicago, the phone rang. "This is Franklin Roosevelt; I want to know if you will render the government a distinct service. I want you to go to Germany as Ambassador."

I was greatly surprised, and replied I would like a little time to think it over. He said: "Two hours: can you decide in that time?" I said: "Perhaps, but I must confer with the university authorities. I hope you will ascertain whether the German government takes exception to my Woodrow Wilson."

He replied: "I am sure they will not. That book, your work as a liberal and a scholar, and your study at a German university are the main reasons for my wishing to appoint you. It is a difficult post and you have cultural approaches that would help. I want an American liberal in Germany as a standing example. . . . I will call the German Embassy and find out their attitude; you call me back at two o'clock."

I called my wife. . . .

Why the President Ordered Dr. Schacht to Be Kept Waiting

June 16. President Roosevelt sat at his large desk and at one o'clock the servant brought two luncheons and placed them before us.

The talk turned at once to German affairs. He described the arrogant bearing of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht in May when he was threatening, as head of the German Reichsbank, to cease paying interest and principal on debts of more than one billion dollars due American creditors next August. The President said he had told Secretary Cordell Hull to receive Schacht, but to pretend to be deeply engaged in looking for certain papers, leaving Schacht standing and unobserved for three minutes, with Hull's secretary watching the German's nervous reactions. Then Hull was to discover a note from the President which indicated serious opposition to any such defaults of German debtors. He was to turn to Schacht and hand him the document and watch the changing color of the German's face as he, Hull, greeted him. This, the President said, was to take a little of the arrogance out of the German's bearing, and he added that the effect was even more marked, as reported from Hull, than had been expected. It was a repetition of Roosevelt's treatment when Schacht had visited him.

After this description of his method of bringing the great banker to terms, or at least reason, about debt affairs, he said about as follows: "I know our bankers made exorbitant profits when in 1926 they loaned huge sums to German corporations and cities and they succeeded in selling bonds to thousands of our citizens with interest at 6 and 7 per cent. But our people are entitled to repayment, and while it is altogether beyond governmental responsibility, I want you to do all you can to prevent a moratorium. It would tend to retard recovery."

The next subject we discussed was the Jewish problem. The President said: "The German authorities are treating the Jews shamefully and the Jews in this country are greatly excited. But this is also not a governmental affair. We can do nothing except for American citizens who happen to be made victims. We must protect them, and whatever we can do to moderate the general persecution by unofficial and personal influence ought to be done." . . .

The talk turned to trade concessions between the two countries and he said: "We ought to be able to make arrangements on certain items and thus increase German exports so as to aid them in their debt payments." He added that: "If European states refuse to make tariff concessions, we shall make special arrangements with Canada and Latin America and develop a mutual trade policy which will give us markets for our surplus products."

We then talked a little of Colonel Edward M. House and the President's proposal for reduction of offensive armaments in France. "Limitation of armaments is necessary if the world is to avoid war. Norman Davis has been working on this. I can't be sure of his success. He cabled he wished to attend the London Economic Conference. I replied: 'Come home.' I wish you to talk with him before you sail." . . .

What American Bankers Wanted

July 3. We reached New York at about nine. I went at ten to a conference at the National City Bank, where State Department people had asked me to review the financial problems of German-American banks, involving payment of $1,200,000,000 to American creditors who had been hoodwinked by bankers into making loans to German corporations. About ten bankers attended.

All were concerned about the so-called "standstill" agreement with the Reichsbank president, Schacht, whereby American obligations were being paid in cheap marks rather than no marks at all and American bondholders were in the doubtful position of having to sell their securities at thirty cents on the dollar. There was much talk but no agree-

ment other than that I should do all I possibly could to prevent Germany's defaulting openly. The National City Bank and the Chase National Bank hold more than a hundred millions of German bonds! If they could be sure of 4 per cent interest, instead of the original 7 per cent, they would be satisfied. . . .

A Talk with Colonel House

July 4. I found Colonel House rather vigorous physically, though seventy-five years old, and mentally very alert. We talked about my "difficult mission." He frankly said: "I sent two nominations to the President, yours and Nicholas Murray Butler's, but I felt that you ought to be given precedence." . . .

He said: "You should try to ameliorate Jewish sufferings. They are clearly wrong and even terrible; but the Jews should not be allowed to dominate economic or intellectual life in Berlin as they have done for a long time." . . .

In Berlin and on the Spot

July 14. At the Embassy at eleven o'clock, where I spoke briefly to the American correspondents about my mission, indicating the idea of making contacts with the older cultural elements of Germany. There were questions about the President's Recovery Act and some hints as to possible difficulties. . . .

I next met representatives of the German press. I read them a brief statement in German which was printed the next day in all the leading German papers. Asked whether I had seen the statement of the Familienblatt of Hamburg to the effect that I had come to rectify the wrongs to the Jews, I read a brief disavowal which was printed verbatim.

Presented at the Foreign Office

July 15. I was presented today at the Foreign Office, where I talked with Freiherr Konstantin von Neurath, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and found him most agreeable. President Paul von Hindenburg, reported unwell, was at his estate near Neudeck in East Prussia. . . .

Hitler's Recovery Work

July 22. German Ambassador Hans Luther, who was supposed to be recalled from Washington, came in to say good-by. He informed me he was returning to Washington. . . .

He talked at length about Hitler's recovery work; it could not succeed without free land; he thought the plains of East Africa or the highlands of Brazil ought to be opened to all German unemployed. Also that lower tariffs between Germany and the United States would aid recovery. He showed no belligerent spirit toward France and did not mention the Polish Corridor. . . .

An American Friend of His

August 5. At eleven thirty came Professor John F. Coar, according to Who's Who a distinguished professor of German Literature and Philosophy in Canada, but born seventy-two years before, of American parents, in Berlin. He is retired on a pension and lives near Boston.

He told me he had been a personal friend of Adolf Hitler and he had advised Hitler against the putsch in Bavaria in 1923. Hitler still granted him interviews and he wished to go to the Reichskanzler's summer place in Bavaria in a few days. He offered to bring back an accurate report on the conversation, if I would give him a note to President Roosevelt to whom he wished to make a final report.

A Blow at American Shipping

August 11. Winthrop W. Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank, New York, came to express satisfaction with the German financial plan under which repudiation of German bonds sold to Americans would not be announced. He was on his way to Hitler's quarters with Reichsbank President Schacht and Minister of Economics Schmitt.

Late in the afternoon Messersmith (American consul general) and directors of the United States Lines came to report the foolish order of German-American lines, supported by the government, to the effect that nobody leaving Germany might buy tickets for any transportation costing more than 200 marks, i. e., on any but German ships. This would compel all travelers to take ship on German lines. The order would promptly put American and British companies out of competition. I sent a cable at once to Washington. The State Department moved slowly, but American shipping interests gave notice in New York that all American travelers would be advised to avoid German lines. In a few days the German government announced abandonment of their policy and gave a lame excuse. . . .

Coar's Report on Hitler

August 16. Professor Coar came again. He had spent two hours with the Chancellor, with Hess as a witness. Coar reported that Hitler talked wildly about destroying all Jews, insisting that no other nation had any right to protest and that Germany was showing the world how to rid itself of its greatest curse. He considered himself a sort of Messiah. He would rearm Germany, absorb Austria, and finally move the capital to Munich. Coar thought Hitler had no comprehension of foreign attitudes or the significance of the economic effects of his Jewish program.

At dinner there was some discussion of Edgar Mowrer's trouble on account of his stories of Nazi behavior toward all foreigners who do not salute or who look like Jews. Mowrer is under instructions to leave Germany on September 6. . . .

Invitation to a Nazi Rally

August 19. I received an invitation today from the Foreign Office to attend a great demonstration meeting of the Nazi Party and its Führer in Nürnberg September 2 and 3. Elaborate train and hotel service was offered at the expense of the government. It was plain that the invitation came by order of the Hitler chiefs and the word *Partei* (party) was used three times in the first paragraph. I saw at once that attendance would be embarrassing and concluded that I would not attend unless all other ambassadors did. . . .

Two Precedents for Declining

August 21. At four thirty the Spanish Ambassador called (very pleasantly unconventional because neither of us had been officially received) to talk over possible attendance at the Nürnberg show. I implied that I would not go, and added that precedents in American history were all against it, referring to Lord Sackville's and Jackson's cases (the first under Cleveland in 1888, the second under Madison in 1811). . . .

A Correspondent in Danger

August 22. Edgar Mowrer called to talk over his case, the State Department having advised his withdrawal. At eleven fifteen Dr. Dieckhoff of the Foreign Office came in to ask for Mowrer's immediate departure. Dieckhoff talked about the danger of Mowrer's being attacked, especially if he went to Nürnberg to report the Party demonstration. . . .

Group Leader Karl Ernst of the Berlin SA (Storm Troops) came in to apologize for violence done to Dr. Mulvihill, a medical specialist here working on lung problems. Mulvihill, standing on the curb of Unter den Linden and not saluting when SA troops marched by, was knocked down and taken away unconscious. Messersmith demanded immediate punishment of the offender, who was promptly put into prison. The Secret Police Chief, Rolf Diels, had ordered Ernst to apologize.

When he was done, I asked him to be seated and then read him a lecture on the dangers of such behavior on the part of his followers. He protested to me that he was sincere and resolute in his promise to put a stop to violence toward foreigners. He arose, stood at attention, saluted, made a Prussian bow, and went out. I was not a little amused. At one o'clock I explained to Messersmith that the amends were properly made. He said: "The incidents will go on."

Germany "Must Have Guns"

August 23. After a busy morning I called on Under-Secretary of State von Bülow in his office in the Wilhelmstrasse. We sat around a table and talked agreeably for fifteen minutes about unemployment relief and international relations. . . .

At four thirty von Bülow returned my call. We agreed on most subjects discussed. I spoke of Ernst's apology, and he promised to do all he could with the Police Department to stop further offenses. He said German

The diarist, Ambassador Dodd, in Berlin

foreign relations were very acute, and "the hostility of the Jews in the United States did much harm."

I asked if there would be any reason given for aggression on the French or Austrian border. He said: "Not a single aggressive move will be made; but we must have air-defense and antitank guns, regardless of the Versailles Treaty, if continued offensive armament goes on in France. . . . On this point we are all united in Germany, but you must not think all this marching in the streets is simply warlike. It is the needful discipline of our unemployed!" I made no comment.

Dodd Sends His Regrets

August 26. I sent a reply to the invitation to Nürnberg. I declined it on the grounds of pressure of work, though the main reason was my disapproval of a government invitation to a Party convention. I was also sure the behavior of the dominant group would be embarrassing.

Amazing News from Vienna

August 29. Karl von Wiegand is just back from a journey to Vienna, Geneva, Paris, and London. Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss of Vienna had given him a six-hour interview. Dollfuss has defeated the planned Hitler putsch over the Austrian border, which had been set for September 6. Abandonment of the scheme was due to the growing Austrian dislike of the Nazis and to Mussolini's intervention on the side of Dollfuss. I was inclined to think the failure of France, England, the United States, and Spain to participate in the Nazi Party Day has been influential in the same direction.

He then told me that France was completing her treaty with Russia, according to which Russia would support any French move against Germany. Also it would soon be shown that Germany had bought a vast amount of airship materials in Russia and that France had seized this material because the Treaty of Versailles had been violated. France and England would show a solid front in the event of any warlike attitude on the part of Germany. However, a boycott would be tried first, then a blockade.

Finally von Wiegand reported the contents of President von Hindenburg's will: (1) A Hohenzollern would be urged upon the German people; (2) Hitler was to be Chancellor with limited powers; and (3) there was to be a restoration of popular participation in the government. . . .

Hindenburg's Distrust of Nazism

August 30. I went with the Embassy staff to present my credentials to President von Hindenburg. My three-page statement was conventional except for the inclusion of "German people" as the object of my mission, and also the statement of German intellectual life as of great interest and importance to the people of the United States. The President responded in vigorous language and laid particular emphasis upon what I said about the German people and culture. The President and I sat on the "preferred sofa" while von Neurath, von Bülow, and Hans Otto Meissner, Foreign Office chiefs, sat about the table. . . .

Von Hindenburg asserted vigorously his doubts of economic nationalism as a solution for a distressed and unemployed people. He stressed the subject of international relations so pointedly that I thought he meant indirect criticism of the Nazi extremists. . . .

Hitler as the Bankers' Hope

September 1. Henry Mann of the National City Bank spoke of the conversation he and Mr. Aldrich had had some ten days before with the Chancellor. The ideas advocated by Hitler were the same as those he had advanced to Professor Coar. He is a fanatic on the Jewish problem. He has no conception of international relationships. He considers himself a German Messiah. But despite his attitude these bankers feel they can work with him.

French and Germans Tense

September 12. At twelve o'clock M. François-Poncet came. He repeated a very disagreeable conversation he had had the day before with Baron von Neurath. He wished me to know how tense are the relations between the French and the Germans.

He said: "They gave a play last Sunday before a large audience in which Germany was represented as a great area with two dissevered sections begging to be returned. The German people were represented by a group of Brown Shirt men, bedraggled prisoners, disarmed and helpless. French soldiers armed to the teeth, Englishmen, and Americans stood by approvingly. The whole scene was designed to stir the deepest hostility against France, as also against the rest of the world. I made strong protest to the Foreign Minister, who simply shrugged his shoulders. He made a promise to stop such insults. And it was plain to me that he had no power to effect any change, even if he wished." . . .

The Ambassador continued: "The English are coming again to recognize the German menace to European peace," and he returned to his former warning that unless America and England lend assistance again we are going to have another great war. He added: "The Germans are playing with fire now as in 1914." . . .

"Is There to Be War?"

September 14. Count de Kherchove, Belgian Minister, spent a half hour presenting his view of the dangers of German rearmament. He said Belgium must rely always upon Britain's support rather than that of France.

I went to talk things over with Baron von Neurath. He agreed that our move toward Latin America, as indicated in the Montevideo Conference, would be serious for Germany if it meant abandonment of another economic conference to do what was planned at the London Conference. I illustrated the German ineptitude in foreign economic affairs by the North German Lloyd attempt early in August. I showed him how fatal that order would have been if Americans had applied a similar rule in New York, taking 80 per cent of the traffic from German vessels. He seemed surprised at the folly and frankly acknowledged that German authorities are naïve in such matters.

I spoke of the beatings of Americans on German streets when they failed to give the Hitler salute during parades. Although Group Leader Ernst had made public apology in the Mulvihill case, the authorities seemed to pay no attention. I acknowledged that Americans were negligent, but said that was their privilege, and that they never or rarely saluted their own flag when they met a column of soldiers. It simply is not their habit. . . .

He assured me he had recently gone over the matter with Göring and also with the Chancellor, both agreeing to stricter enforcement of the law. He referred to a notice in the papers two days before which referred to the Communist elements in the SA as the unruly ones. He thought it was all over. I hoped so.

Then we talked at length about the Jewish outrages. Here was a problem which seemed to give him much more trouble. Hitler means to put all Jews out of responsible positions, even to expel them from the country. . . .

I again repeated my dislike of German brutality methods. I continued: "You cannot expect world opinion of your conduct to moderate so long as eminent leaders like Hitler and Goebbels announce from platforms, as in Nürnberg, that all Jews must be wiped off the earth." He did not promise any reform, much as he seemed to lament the facts.

As I rose to go I said: "Is there to be war?" He replied: "No, absolutely no. . . . I am leaving

Wednesday for Geneva, where I shall support American demands for decreasing armaments. . . ."

A Wave Is Not a Salute

September 15. The Prussian authorities had invited the diplomatic corps to attend the formal opening of the new Council of State. As the thing was purely official, I decided to go. . . .

Entering the Brandenburger Tor, the Prussian and Hitler flags stood on the right and the soldiers were at attention. I gave a half humorous, if not sarcastic, salute, which was taken by newspapermen to mean a surrender to Party authorities. It was incorrect to do so, since my top hat was off and no salute at home would be expected. But Nazi people do not understand this. It is embarrassing not to wave to cheering people, but any wave can be interpreted as a Hitler salute. . . .

The Prussian Minister, Göring, began a passionate oration on the meaning of the new state, the Third Reich, in which three or four times I discerned contemptuous remarks about the discarded parliamentary system. It is curious: next week they are trying three or four men in Leipzig on a charge of treason for burning the old Reichstag building, and yet this man, next in authority to Hitler himself, denounces parliamentarianism as a betrayal of Germanism. . . .

British Plans Warlike?

September 16. Von Wiegand called, after a five-day visit to England. He said: "The British Cabinet have made a formal study of a plan to blockade Germany in the event of an outbreak of war. The idea is for France, England, Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Austria to unite to bar all exit and entrance of military or other goods to Germany. Belgium would also co-operate. The plan has been submitted to the Cabinet, but tabled for the present."

Trouble About Prunes

September 29. I went with Counselor Gordon and the First Secretary of the Embassy, Joseph Flack, to see von Bülow. . . . We protested against a quota for Yugoslavia on imports of prunes at low tariff rates and the failure to grant the same privilege to American prune growers. Von Bülow said the arrangement was already fixed for eight months and it could not be modified. . . .

There was nearly an hour of earnest talk but no compromise, except von Bülow's remark: "The time for us all to agree on easier trade relations was last summer in London," with which I concurred. . . .

"Europe Is Half Crazy"

October 11. The Dutch Minister called. . . . The subject of atrocities came up and I told him of a Woolworth Store man in Düsseldorf being attacked on the streets. The last such case occurred on September 1. After ample time and promises over the telephone by the police authorities, I had gone to von Neurath. He regretted the eight or ten cases that were listed to him and promised everything one could ask, but said, "The SA men are so uncontrollable that I am afraid we cannot stop them." . . .

The Dutch Minister said: "The Foreign Office has no authority and Hitler gives no orders to the Nazis in such matters, not knowing what such behavior means to his own cause." . . .

The Minister says the present regime is here to stay: "Even the death of the Old Man, Hindenburg, would bring no real change." He added: "The European world is half crazy or worse. We quarrel and wrangle and perhaps go to war. That will finish us, and Japan, after annexing China, will sail into the Baltic. It is terrible to contemplate the folly of the free peoples of the United States, England, and Holland."

Dodd's Telephone Wire Tapped

October 14. Hitler spoke over the radio, announcing the German withdrawal from the League and from the Disarmament Conference and proclaiming a Reich election for November 14. He demanded equal rights with other nations as to armaments, defended his "revolution" as simply an anti-Communist move, and assured the world of peaceful intentions. It was not the address of a thinker, but of an emotionalist claiming that Germany had in no way been responsible for the World War and that she was the victim of wicked enemies.

Norman Davis, the President's roving ambassador to Europe, called on the long distance from Geneva to ask for what information I could give. As I knew my telephone wire was tapped by the German Propaganda Ministry, I spoke only in general terms. . . .

Hitler Obliges—Then Rants

October 17. Adolf Hitler appeared in simple workaday suit, neat and erect. . . . Everything I asked was agreed to, and the Chancellor assured me personally that he would see that any future attack was punished to the limit and that publicity would be given to decrees warning every one that foreigners were not to be expected to give the Hitler salute. On financial discriminations, von Neurath made the reply: "We have a falling export market and must make deals with any nation that will take our goods. That's the reason for our paying Swiss creditors full interest on their bonds and Americans only half the guaranteed rate."

I asked the Chancellor why he had withdrawn from the League. He ranted about the Treaty of Versailles, the failure of the Powers to keep their promises about disarmament, the indignity of keeping Germany defenseless.

I asked him whether an incident on the Polish, Austrian, or French border which drew an enemy into the Reich would be allowed to be a *casus belli.* Of course he said, "No, no." I then said, "In case such a thing were to occur in the Ruhr Valley, would you hold off and call a conference of the European Powers?" He said: "That would be my purpose, but we might not be able to restrain the German people." (I saw that he meant the violent Nazis whom he has trained to violence.) My final impression was of his belligerence and self-confidence.

Munitions Men the Bosses

October 25. I received this morning a letter from Senator Robert J. Bulkley, now in England, quoting a friend in Holland who had just had dinner with Fritz Thyssen, the great steel and munitions manufacturer in the Ruhr Valley. Thyssen said: "*We* compelled the German government to withdraw from the League." Bulkley was absolutely certain of the reliability of his informant.

U. S. Diplomatic Mail Opened

November 20. I went today to von Neurath's office to complain about a

A Berliner's camera study of Mrs. Dodd.

letter I had written to Leo Wormser, Jewish leader of Chicago, which had been opened here by German authorities. It was peculiarly offensive because the letter bore the stamp and seals of the United States. The Foreign Secretary seemed to be quite nonplused; but I was sure he would, or could, do nothing to prevent a recurrence. . . .

How "Big Business" Was Duped

November 30. A company of 150 Americans and Germans gathered in the Bellevue for [Thanksgiving] dinner.

A young German, Herbert von Gütschow, who had lived ten years in the United States and become closely connected with James B. Duke, North Carolina's greatest buccaneer, and then set up branches of the American Tobacco Company in Germany, came to our table and talked half an hour. It was plain that one effect of the war had been to make him chief owner of the Duke tobacco interests in Germany, with Dresden as headquarters. He is a

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very rich man, entirely reconciled to the Hitler system. . . .

Gütschow is one of the many big business men who expect to govern Germany under the Nazi regime. August Diehn of Berlin, head of a world-wide nitrate trust, and Fritz Thyssen are among the others. I am convinced that all are allowed great tax exemptions for their support. Six or eight of them sit in semiofficial Cabinet sessions when any crisis threatens. . . .

Hitler's Idea of "Disarmament"

December 9. William Bullitt, new Ambassador to Russia, gave me Roosevelt's cordial regards and thanks for my work here, and then added that Russian recognition had been too long delayed. He also said Litvinov (Soviet Foreign Commissar) had agreed to pay the debt of $100,000,000 and to open Russian markets to American industrial goods and leave Germans in the lurch, since they were indignant at Hitler attacks upon all Communists. But Germans owe Americans over a billion dollars. How can these be paid if the United States monopolizes Russian markets and still further isolates the Germans? Collect one hundred millions from Moscow and lose one billion in Berlin. Bullitt never referred to this. . . .

Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador, called at our house tonight to show me points of Chancellor Hitler's offer to treat with the French on disarmament. About October 15 details were wired to Washington: Germany must have a standing army of 300,000, guns, and defensive airplanes. Now Hitler offers to submit the same scheme again, and adds that the Germans wish a ten-year pact against war and will agree to an international commission to inspect and supervise armaments, including supervision of the SA and SS troops, 2,500,000 strong. These offers had been cabled to London, and the reply of Sir John Simon was submitted to me. It looked like a real move toward disarmament and I agreed to telegraph a summary to Washington.

Ten-Year Peace Pact Planned

December 10. I called Sir Eric Phipps. We ended our conversation in agreement on one general point: a ten-year peace pact for Europe, initiated and pressed by England, Germany, and the United States, would be far more effective if Russia were a party to it and peace in the Far East were also fixed. I thought the English ought to compromise; then President Roosevelt might negotiate and Europe would be out of its impasse. I hurried off a telegram to the State Department. . . .

Appeasement—Hitler Liked It

December 22. Sir Eric Phipps brought the official British reply to Hitler's statement. The British agree with the German demands, except that they ask further reduction of the German Reichswehr and one or two more specific statements about armaments. Sir Eric said von Neurath had indicated Hitler's approval and hoped England could bring France into the negotiations soon after January 1. I have heard from Washington that government officials there are alarmed at a rumor that Great Britain is contemplating a large loan to Japan, which would, in the opinion of our officials, encourage Japan to make war on the Soviet Union.

A newspaperman whose information I have always found reliable but whose name I dare not mention even in this diary came to me this morning to say that a high German official —my guess is Secret Police Chief Rolf Diels—had told him that tomorrow the German Supreme Court would declare all the Communists except Van der Lubbe, on trial since September for burning the Reichstag, not guilty. But Georgi Dimitrov, the Bulgarian Communist, was to be murdered before he could get out of the country, by order of Göring. . . . In my judgment, the official who gave the information is the one man in Germany who knows exactly who burned the Reichstag.

At four my newspaper friend showed me a telegram to the foreign press from Goebbels denying the whole story, but blaming Göring for indiscreet statements which caused the "lie" to be spread. . . .

Hitler's Unhappy New Year's

January 1, 1934. All the members of the diplomatic corps made a point to be in town today to pay their respects and good wishes to President von Hindenburg. . . .

Hitler seemed very much subdued, almost embarrassed. He greeted me with "Happy New Year" and I returned it. Only the Italian Ambassador answered the Führer's official salute. . . . I mentioned Munich University matters to Hitler, only to get no response, and he passed on, leaving the impression that he had never had contacts with the people I knew and respected. I am afraid he thought I was trying to embarrass him a little. I was not.

A Hitler-Göring Fight

January 3. The foreign press today carries a story that there was a hard fight on the morning of January 1 between Hitler and Göring about the failure to apply the decree of two months ago to the effect that all Germany was to be cast into one and then subdivided into some hundred or more equal-sized districts, each to be ruled by a district leader appointed by the Chancellor.

Every one supposed it was to become effective this year. But on January 1 Hitler and Goebbels found themselves challenged by Göring, supported by the Governor of Bavaria. Hitler sent no New Year's greeting to Göring, only to apologize on January 2. . . .

The German people are clearly opposed to Hitler's position in this matter, as they are opposed to his plan of putting all Protestants under one State Bishop and into one solid phalanx. From 3,000 to 4,000 preachers are resisting to the limit. . . . In these cases concentration camp and beatings are not applied, but there is a powerful silent resistance.

I received a cable advising a protest to German officials against Schacht's ruling that interest on German bonds held in the United States must be decreased from previous reduced payments. I was also to add that the manner of doing it was highly objectionable—that is, without consulting creditors and then buying back German bonds when their values fell to low points on the New York market.

As von Neurath and von Bülow were away, I saw Dr. Koepke. I stressed the point that the German government could not afford to appear in the actions of its national bank as a mere stock manipulator.

Koepke indicated that the Foreign Office had not been consulted. . . . I came away quite sure that the Foreign Office would try to bring Schacht to a more co-operative way of doing things but doubting still whether they would succeed. Schacht is the real master and government officials here dare not order him to do anything.

This Hollander Knew His Japs

January 6. The Swedish Minister came in to say he was going to the Foreign Office to make the same protest I had made about debts. . . .

At noon the Dutch Minister, an able and experienced diplomat, came to voice his agreement on the debt question, though German discrimination in favor of the Dutch was not discussed. I simply let him know that I knew the Germans were paying his people the full face value of bonds and the regular rate of interest. Schacht argues that this is because the Dutch buy more German goods than they sell of their own to Germany.

The Minister said Japanese generals were organizing independent governments in former portions of China, aimed at setting up a Far Eastern League of Nations under Japanese domination. He added that Holland's possessions in the Far East, also the Philippines, would soon fall into Japanese hands if the United States did not strongly resist, and especially if England continued to give underhand support to Japanese aggression.

In the first eight months of 1934 Hitler "purged" his raw Third Reich of his rivals and got its rearmament fully under way, impressing London and alarming Paris—but to no purpose! In July Austrian Nazis killed Dollfuss; in August Hindenburg died and Hitler formally succeeded him. This crucial period is covered in the now awesomely significant extracts from Ambassador Dodd's diary that Liberty will make public next week.

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

IF you served three years in the first show and picked up a wound that keeps you out of World War II, you're a prey to conflicting emotions.

You pick up a radio broadcast and hear a voice in London tell of the bombings and the fires. You've been there and you know what high explosive and flame can do to slums and warehouses. And because the first war left something in your blood that more than two decades of peace failed to eliminate, you want to get over there—quick!

You want to hit back—hard! If you go down, hitting, what of it? That's in your blood, too.

You're safe in Vancouver, enrolling fresh-cheeked young chaps, and there are moments when you hate yourself because you *are* safe and they are going into danger. In fact, you hate the whole sorry business, but you hate the thing causing it more.

The newspapers are dropped on your desk and you read of the bombings in detail. You contemplate the might of the enemy air force. You've been bombed and you know what it does to the nerves and body. You wonder if they can stand up to it. You begin to worry, and black doubt creeps in and knots your stomach.

You look across the street at the barbershop and you see a man with white stubble on his cheeks going in for a shave. He looks like a man who would shave himself and save the price of a visit to the barber's. You wonder about that. The King needs dollars.

As you're picking up the paper again, to face the worst, a youngster comes in. He's from the Cariboo country—up North—and he wants to serve the King. You remember some amazing marksmen come out of the region—hunters and guides.

You explain to this youngster about the two outfits in the service. One is a full-time enrollment, with duty anywhere in the world. The other is a part-time job, duty confined to Canadian soil.

You know before he speaks that he'll go all the way. You look at him, with his broad shoulders, flat stomach, and long legs. You see the clear blue of his eyes and the laughter and daring lurking in their depths. He drops a word and you know he's a sportsman, with a high code of honor. Then you get to wondering what the war will do to his sense of sportsmanship. You think of bitterness and disillusionment, and you say to yourself, It's all wrong. They should send the older men who have had their fun and have completed their plan of life.

The newsboys cry out that waves of bombers are attacking London and there are great barge concentrations along the shore of the enemy coast. You're suddenly afraid. You again wonder if your breed is tough enough to weather the impact.

The boy says his name is Doug Elliott and he's a fair rifle.

You think of the other war and Matt Elliott, and it's like sunlight breaking through the darkest clouds. You know your breed is a tough one because when there's a job to be done there are men to do it. Young men and . . . old men. And you know the sense of sportsmanship is so close to the surface the breed never forgets it, even when the job is toughest.

Matt Elliott came out of the Cariboo country in December of '15. He would have been out sooner, but he was running a trap line and didn't know there was a war.

He was crazy about high-powered rifles. He knew all of the popular ones, and some I'd never heard of—rifles handmade by craftsmen who worked for love rather than money. He would talk rifles with any one.

Matt was the first man I ever saw whose movements were like poetry. He walked through thickets of brittle brush and made no more sound than passing vapor. His vision left the examining doctor muttering to himself.

After he had been in camp long enough to become acquainted, he asked permission to bring down a wild goose. He brought down the leader with the first shot, then, to prove it wasn't an accident, repeated the performance.

During the training period, the voyage overseas, and in camp in France I became well acquainted with him. I once asked him his age, and he looked me squarely in the eyes and said, "Thirty-five." There was a sly fleeting gleam in his eyes as he added, "You wouldn't accuse a man of lying, would you now? It's the dissipated life I've led. It has aged me . . . in appearance."

He rested the rifle on a sandbag and sighted slowly. Every man in the trench held his breath.

"You'll never see fifty again," I said.

Marksmen such as Matt Elliott weren't kept in the ranks those days. He was shifted to the most dangerous game of all sniping snipers. I saw him occasionally behind the lines. We killed a few bottles of whisky at such times and he did the talking—rifles and the great marksmen of America and Europe.

He held a man named Schrader in something approaching reverence. "He's the greatest marksman in the world," he said. "We wrote a couple of letters back and forth before the war. We've always wanted to get together sometime and talk rifles."

"And shoot it out for the championship?" I suggested.

"I suppose so," he answered. "Yes, that would naturally follow. I . . . I . . ." He hesitated, struggling with conflicting emotions that I was beginning to understand and rather liked. "I . . . hope nothing happens to Schrader. This war will end sometime. He's probably safe enough. He's old . . . at least fifty."

"Too old to shoot straight," I suggested.

He lifted his eyes in a quick penetrating flash. "Maybe he's led a clean life," he said. Then he changed the subject, discussing his desire to get a telescope sight of German make. "Their glass is better than ours," he explained. There was only one way of getting one—from a German sniper.

A couple of months later an officer near me dropped. He had been shot through the head. The German trenches were a mile distant and it might have been a chance shot. But when a second and third officer went down, there was only one answer—sniper. Yet there wasn't a sign to indicate his hide-out.

There were shell holes in front of us, the foundations of a house, a stump so thin a machine-gun bullet could pass completely through it, and the scattered parts of a tank.

Our snipers came up to have a go at the nuisance, but without result. I came on duty one morning to find Matt Elliott in the trench. He had picked up a medal and a German telescope sight since I had last seen him. He finished a cup of hot coffee, selected a relatively safe point, and studied the country in front of the trench.

He put down the glasses at length and rubbed his eyes. "It is a mile to those trenches, or a little more," he declared. "Killing a man at that distance, through sheer luck, is likely. But consistently picking off officers is unlikely. He's closer—a half mile perhaps."

"But where?"

"That is what I must find out. That stump over there . . ."

ouve got to be
Laugh!
story of a magnificent liar:
tirring tale of sportsmanship
d war's brave breed of heroes

"Has been riddled," I answered. "Put one through it yourself."

He did so, more to test his rifle than with any hope of results.

He spent several days examining the ground foot by foot with the glasses. His first study had been comprehensive; now it was detailed.

Late one afternoon he put down the glasses. "I've found him!" he said quietly. "He's in the stump."

"You are positive?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "The sun is low. The slanting rays struck one of the holes where a limb had been knocked off. It passed through the stump, of course, and made a bright spot in the stump's shadow. It was blotted out, came on again, then once more was blotted out. Shadows often reveal game that is well hidden."

"I understand," I said—"only a moving body within the stump could blot out the spot of sunlight."

"There's nothing moving between stump and sun," he reasoned, "so it must be within."

"A machine gun can cut it off at the base," I said.

He gave me a quick annoyed glance. "You're wrong, sir," he said. "I imagine they've done some clever work on that stump, such as lining the inside with boiler plate."

He pressed the binoculars to his eyes and gazed at the stump a long time. "I'm not surprised," he muttered as he put them in the case.

The sun was almost down now, leaving a patchwork of snow and soil between the rival trenches. He adjusted the sights, aimed, and fired. The bullet kicked up snow a good forty feet to the left of the stump. Then I grasped his technique. He was firing at a target the same relative distance off—checking wind and other factors before getting down to business.

"I'll have one chance," he said presently, as he made another adjustment. "Only one! If my test bullets splatter his stump he'll be warned."

One chance, I thought, and he must put the bullet through that hole the first time!

Matt Elliott rubbed and flexed his trigger finger, then gently massaged his eyes. "If he's been picking off our officers from that stump," he observed, "he's doing incredible shooting. It is better than a thousand yards."

He rested the rifle on a sandbag and sighted slowly. Every man in the trench within view of the Cariboo trapper held his breath. His trigger finger slowly tightened and the rifle cracked flatly. It was three full seconds before he reached for the binoculars.

He gazed briefly and said, "I got him!" But he didn't appear particularly elated. He watched the shadows gather and his impatience mounted. As soon as it was dark he climbed out of the trench and disappeared toward the stump.

We heard nothing for two hours after his departure, then my tense ears caught the sound of a dragging body. Matt dropped lightly into the trench and handed me a rifle. I remembered he had left his own behind. He turned and lifted a man's body from the parapet and carried it to the first-aid station.

"It's Schrader," he said, as the door closed.

"Schrader!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean . . ."

"There's but one Schrader. He's the world's greatest marksman."

"Did you know you were firing at Schrader?" I asked.

"I thought it might be him when I checked on the distance and learned he was getting his men through the head," he answered. "Later I saw enough of his face as he moved back and forth in front of the hole to partly identify him. I've seen pictures of him, you know. Two are pasted on my cabin wall in the Cariboo country, in fact. I brought his rifle too. A special job that weighs around ten pounds, and we know, to our sorrow, how accurate it is."

He paced the trench nervously, shooting anxious glances at the dressing-station door. "I tried to crease him," he said at length. "That's why I spent so much time studying the stump. I had to judge the top of his skull with relation to the top of the limb hole. It's the hardest shot I ever made."

"Crease him?" I exclaimed.

"Of course," he answered with a touch of rebuke in his tone. "He's the greatest rifle shot in the world. He must be stopped, it is true, but not killed, unless necessary. You don't seem to understand he has knowledge locked up in his skull all riflemen need. I'm looking forward to talking shooting with him after the war is over." He shot a glance at the door again. "Nor would it be sporting for one in my class to kill the greatest of us all—if it could be helped."

He always finished his sentences with the qualification. He knew the first business of war was rendering the enemy helpless.

Schrader regained consciousness the following afternoon. In a few hours they were going to send him back to a base hospital. "The fortunes of war, sir," Matt Elliott said as he looked down at Schrader. Then he gave his name.

"The man from Cariboo," Schrader said. "You have given us trouble. And so we two settle our match here?"

"Well, hardly. You didn't know I was in the opposing trench."

"But I did. We will talk of it some time . . . as sportsmen, not enemies?" There was a query in Schrader's voice. "There's much I wish to learn from you."

"Yes, we'll talk of it some time . . . as sportsmen," Matt said.

Three years after the war Matt wrote me to meet Schrader in Vancouver and see that he got on the right stage for the Cariboo country. I met him again on his return. "We are middle-aged men," he said, "but we beat the young fellows." He was in high glee. "But between us, nothing was settled. It is what your racing men call a dead heat."

AND so if you're one whose old wounds keep you too far from the fighting and bombing, and you have your dark moments and wonder if the breed will fight through, why, you call yourself a traitor for harboring such thoughts, and you think of Matt Elliott and find comfort. They had his breed in mind when they wrote the song about there always being an England.

Then you look at the young Elliott you have just enrolled. Matt's grandson perhaps? Matt must be seventy-five now.

Then you see the barber across the street finish shaving the white stubble from that old man's cheeks, and you see him step briskly toward your office. You know him, for all his hair dyed black and his stubble shaved down almost to the blood. You see he's carrying the rifle he took from Schrader so long ago.

He knows you, too, but he looks you straight in the eye without a hint of recognition and he says, "I want to enroll and teach the young fellows how to shoot."

You know this is a deep dark plot to get into uniform, and that, once in, he will contrive to reach the front. You ask, "How old are you?"

He looks you in the eye and answers, "Right close to fifty years."

You almost write seventy-five, but you fill in a neat 5 and 0 and you say softly, "Let them come with their planes, barges, men, bombs, and guns—let them come!"

THE END

"Oh, dear, I marked the wrong window of our hotel room on that picture postcard to mother!"

"Tobacco's my bread and butter," says Connor Aycock, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C.

"I have to know good leaf—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

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With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BY NILLA CRAM COOK

TURKEY DEFIES THE *Lightning*

A revealing close-up of a nation as it prepared to face its fate

NO one in Turkey can understand why Americans, protected by wide oceans, are so full of alarms and fears. It is as though the Bulgarians, Italians, Russians, and Germans surrounded America on all sides, and not Turkey.

Newspapers here in Turkey are limited to four pages, due to the paper shortage. So there is hardly room in them for the bare facts of the news and a few nonpolitical features. However, radios boom throughout the land, and the Turks hear all sides of the news, uncensored. So they know very well what is going on. Their calm is in no way due to ignorance of the true situation: the whole population comprehends the danger facing the nation.

Practically all men able to bear arms have been called to the colors. In Anatolia you see only women, children, and old men. There is incessant building of fortifications. The number of cannons I have seen pass in sailboats up the Bosporus is tremendous. Yet all this is strictly for defense. Not until actually attacked can Turkey be dragged into this war.

As between the belligerents, the Turks are wholeheartedly with the British, and they will be with them to the end. You can be very sure of that. But not because they love the British. In the tobacco fields I've heard the peasants talking of all they endured from the British during the occupation of Anatolia following Turkey's defeat in the World War.

But they, along with all Turkey—rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, general, private—know that their only chance for liberty is to tie up with *all* elements which oppose the Germans.

This is Turkey's consistent, steady, immutable policy. After an interview with President Ismet Inonu, in which he so stated, and which I published in the newspaper Vatan of Istanbul, the Ankara radio in a broadcast said any Anatolian peasant would tell me the same things. I had already found that out.

When France was falling, Turkey watched with absolute calm and remained true to the British pact in those dark hours when it looked as if the lightning were going on. I saw absolutely no excitement at any time in any one. The Turks say that excitement, hysteria, too much sensation and speculation weaken a nation for the hour of actual test; that they have not an ounce of emotion or energy to give to such indulgences. All of Turkey's emotions and energies are going into grim and silent preparations.

Turkey prepares. Turkey will not fight until attacked. Turkey will be faithful to her treaty with Britain. Turkey is calm. This is the only story Turkey has to tell the world today. Most of the foreign correspondents are sitting around sadly drinking away the hours. One told me he had not cabled a line in five weeks.

Why is Turkey so calm as the greatest military machine in history closes in on her? She lies in full path between the Axis and its greatest need—oil. If Hitler could pass through Turkey to the oil fields of Mosul and Iran, most military and economic experts say he would probably win this war.

But the Turks stand in the way and will continue to stand in the way. Why?

Remember, the Turks were the greatest conquerors of all time. Under Suleiman the Magnificent their empire extended from Vienna to India, from Morocco to the Persian Gulf, from the Ukraine to the Sudan. Hitler's conquests do not greatly impress them.

The Ottoman Empire was built to a large degree on the same idea of a superior people dominating inferior peoples, making them pay tribute, that Hitler has preached and is practicing. However, in fairness to the Turks it must be said that after their conquests they were extremely liberal to all subject racial, religious, and political groups, permitting them full liberty to run their own affairs as long as they paid tribute and did not rebel. Yet the Turkish Empire crumbled. So the Turks know from experience that the basic principle of Hitler's empire—the principle of the *Ubermensch*—does not work. And with the great acceleration of the inevitable in modern times, they feel that Hitler will come a cropper very much faster than they did.

Also, the greatest opposition to their own conquests was a decadent Byzantine Empire and a just awakening western Europe. They faced nothing to compare to the might of the British Empire wholeheartedly supported by the United States of America. Britain with America's aid, the Turks believe, will never permit Hitler to entrench his empire as the Turks entrenched theirs.

Thirdly, thanks to the statesmanship of Mustapha Kemal, or Ataturk (Father of the Turks), Turkey today is the most unified nation on this earth. Following Turkey's defeat as Germany's ally in the World War, Kemal's revolutionary forces tossed out the old caliphate regime, the occupying Allies, the invading Greeks, and tore up the Treaty of Sèvres, the first of the Paris peace treaties to become mere scraps of paper. Hitler tore up the others. But, more important than all these things, Kemal virtually eliminated all minority groups. We all remember the tremendous exchange of populations following the debacle of the Greek army at Smyrna in 1922. By this exchange, under the aegis of the League of Nations, all the Turks in Greece were taken into the new Turkish republic and all the Greeks in Turkey were sent to Greece. The Armenians had been largely eliminated during the World War, but what few remained went south into French Syria or north into Soviet Armenia.

So today, in a population of over sixteen million, Turkey has less than a quarter of a million non-Turks and, on top of that, all the Turks are Moslems.

In other words, it almost seems as if, in building the new Turkey, Kemal had a prescience of the fifth-column attacks of Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, Himmler, etc. In the house that Kemal built no fifth-column termites have a chance. That, come to think of it, may be the most important reason of all why Turkey is calm.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the soldiers of the United States: for the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps—also for their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of individuals will be held in strict confidence, whether letters are signed with full name or initials.

WHY should we pay $1.65 a month for our laundry, out of the twenty-one bucks we get? I thought everything was free. They don't charge for clothes or grub or tents. What's the racket?

"Sore," New York City (Dix).

I can't arbitrate this one. Except: Regulars do their own laundry. You haven't got time for it in your short hitch.

Let's get going on this one—a name for us soldiers in training. It gives me the cramps every time the papers have an article about draftees or trainees or selectees. There's nothing "eesy" about it. (Wow!)

Seriously, they are lousy names. We can't expect anybody to manufacture one off the cuff. They tried in the last war and came up with "Sammies." (Give it the gong, major!) Soldiers called themselves doughboys.

Any ideas? I suggest fenders. Get it? Short for defenders. But I don't think much of it, at that.

Ozzie, Schenectady (McClellan).

Speak up, sloggers. How about yearlings—men doing their year for the country?

I had a toothache and like a sap went to the post dentist. First time in the chair for me. Oil of cloves was good enough before. My squawk is, why don't they have painless dentists in the army, like you see advertised everywhere? I damn near died.

T. F. S., Birmingham (McClellan).

Cut out "damn" and "near" and I'm satisfied. You probably got twenty bucks' worth of badly needed treatment. Let me know next time. I'll croon to you and hold your hand (in a vise).

In my tent there's an Italian and a Greek. Seems their uncles and cousins have got a war on—against each other. It's a riot to hear the two of them yelling at each other and each claiming his crowd is best. We sick them on, naturally. But the biggest kick comes when they get out of breath arguing and buy each other beers and drink up to America. These guys are actually turning out to be buddies.

M. C. D., Altoona, Pa. (Meade).

Don't look now, but Uncle Sam has got a grin that wide.

Being an old CCC man, I want to say that the army has got the CCC beat a mile. Better chow, for one thing. But, more important, every day here counts for something real. We go to sleep every night knowing we're a little better trained to defend ourselves and our country. Only one kick. I had a mutt at CCC camp, and thought a lot of him. Several of the boys had dogs. Nobody has told me positively I can't have a dog here, but they seem to discourage it. Any dope?

M. C. F., Yonkers, N. Y. (Dix).

Wait for permanent barracks. Then I think it will be O. K.

News has come to me and several other kinfolks of boys in camp that disease epidemics, flu and even pneumonia, are raging and that the authorities are keeping it quiet. My boy is not very strong. He catches things easily. He is sure to come down with whatever epidemic there is. Please have one of your investigators go into this and write up exactly how bad conditions are in those cold, wet camps. This is urgent.

Mrs. I. K., Chicago, Ill.

Several letters like this. Answering all: I have visited many camps, checked the rest. No epidemics anywhere, practically no contagious disease. Percentage of illness less than would be among same men living at home. Example: Camp Dix. Among 14,000 men, no death from natural causes in eight weeks' operation. Two from motor accidents. Common colds about the only sickness. Quit worrying about your boys. They're a lot tougher than you think.

Nobody has told me positively that I can't have a dog here, but they seem to discourage it.

For the benefit of other guys, I want to state the biggest lesson I've had so far. That is, learn to take care of yourself. We've gabbed about it in my tent. Some said it was bad going if we were turned into selfish, greedy grab-alls.

I argued, "You don't have to be greedy, but you babies have been sitting around too long eating the white meat that mama dished out while she and the kid sister took the neck and wings. You're better off tackling your own way in there, for a change. Not grabbing it all for yourself, but getting a decent share." And I said, "The best soldier is the guy that can take care of himself, whether it's chow or fighting, because a hungry guy or a dead one is no good to anybody."

Who's right?

P. D. O., Lancaster, Pa. (Meade).

Righto, lad. The old army game makes soldiers—and men—who land on their feet!

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BARTLETT TODD, lawyer for Commodore Bruce Campbell, sails on his yawl, the White Heron, to investigate an old wreck in the Barren Cays in the Bahamas. The Commodore believes the wreck to be the Bluebird, on which his son Duncan, and Duncan's wife Deborah, sailed twenty years ago. The Commodore's ne'er-do-well son, Charles, also sails from Miami for the Barren Cays on the Daiquiri, a yacht belonging to Iris Lake, former rumrunner and now a night-club owner. Charlie has just married Iris, and both say they are interested in the Bluebird because, if Duncan and his wife can be proved dead, Charlie will inherit some money which Duncan left. However, Bart believes there is something more behind their anxiety to get to the wreck—and to keep him from getting there.

With Bart on the Heron are Killer, an ex-prizefighter, Albert, a Bahaman Negro, and eleven-year-old Tommy, the Commodore's grandson. Bart had hoped to meet Jeremy Jones at Little Harbor near the Barren Cays and to have Jeremy, a writer on yachting who discovered the wreck, pilot him to it. But when he arrives he learns that Jeremy and his wife were drowned and that Ann, their eighteen-year-old daughter, who is living at Little Harbor with a Dr. and Mrs. Featherstone, has been engaged as a pilot by Charlie and Iris. He also finds out from his law partner, with whom he talks on the radiotelephone, that Iris is badly in need of money—even in danger of going to jail if she doesn't get some.

Bart, half in love with Ann, is uncertain whether or not she is helping Charlie and Iris in their plot to keep him from reaching the wreck. She is, he knows, a friend of Greenwood Gates, a young man who lives in Little Harbor and who, Bart is sure, has tried to run the Heron aground. And was she trying to mislead him when she mentioined Red Bank Cay as a place to anchor on the way to the Barren Cays? When Bart looks it up on the chart, he discovers that it is some fifteen miles northwest of the course he had planned to take. Or is she trying to help him keep out of trouble? He wonders.

PART SEVEN—AN ADVENTURESS SHOWS HER HAND

DEPRESSED and confused, I went below and lighted the cabin lamps and started to get dinner. Later we sat on deck in the warm soft darkness. The bay was blue-black and oil-smooth. Now and then a streak of white fire cut twisting through the depths as a fish lunged for its prey, and you found yourself thinking that no matter how calm the surface, the primal struggle for existence went on below without a pause. There was no peace, no security, no rest.

Perhaps not anywhere.

The Daiquiri glowed with light from every porthole and window. Now and then we saw figures passing silently on the deck as the white-clad hands and stewards went about their business. The occasional sounds that came to us across the still bay were normal, peaceful sounds: the clatter of dishes and cutlery in the galley, the muffled

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

throb of her Diesel-electric generator, now and then a casual voice. And yet—was there any peace and security beneath her flashy surface?

Ashore the village was spotted with the faint yellow light of lamps and candles shining through unglazed, unshaded windows. Voices came to us across the water—gay, cheerful voices and musical laughter that made you think that here at least were happy carefree people. But I knew how hard and dangerous were the lives of these out-island blacks. I knew their existence was a constant struggle to get enough food to fill their bellies; a constant battle, with the shoddiest of weapons, against the sea; a constant fear, with plenty of precedent behind it, of the hurricane that sooner or later would swoop down and engulf them in churning sand and water. No security, surely, there.

Lights shone, too, from the win-

Death Wait for a Lady

Clouds of doubt, a woman's anger, dark hints of danger . . . Thrills pile up in an exciting novel

dows of the doctor's house on the hill. I thought of Ann Jones, pulled between her loyalty to her father's ideals, her father's way of life, and her dreams of another and more normal way of life on the mainland: and I knew that as long as that conflict of ideals went on there would be no peace in her heart. And I thought of the old doctor living out his years, so very many of them, off here in this virtual wilderness. And I wondered why. Why had he turned his back on the world? What was *he* afraid of?

Some blacks ashore were singing a hymn—it might have been the night for prayer meeting in the Anglican church with the thick whitewashed stone walls and the thin thatched roof. Theirs was no mournful, hopeless wailing; they didn't make the simple hymn sound like a dirge. They picked it up and threw it. They threw it with a fine fast African rhythm. They practically swung it.

"What they singin', Skip?" Killer asked. "Sounds like Flatfoot Floogie."

"They're singing," I told him, "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam."

"Yeah? Guess I never heard that one. Seems kind of funny, though, findin' jitterbugs way out here."

Albert stirred in his corner of the cockpit. "Cap'n, you mind if Hi take de dink and go ashore? Hi think mebbe Hi got some friends 'ere."

"Go ahead. And while you're ashore see if you can't find a pilot who has been to the Barren Cays and isn't afraid to go again. Killer, do you want to go with him?"

"Skip, I'm dead. I'd rather take on some shut-eye."

"Tommy?"

"Yeah; I'd like to go, Bart."

"All right; you go with Albert. But don't stay too late. We're shoving off at dawn. And leave your chart here."

"Huh?"

"I want to check it with the government chart."

"O. K., Bart."

He surrendered it reluctantly. I don't believe it had been out of his possession, waking or sleeping, for weeks. They got in the dinghy and Tommy sculled ashore. Killer yawned a few times and then went down to the forward cabin and turned in. Within a few minutes he was snoring. I sat in the cockpit for a while, listening to the singing. I knew I had to get below and check those charts, but I kept putting it off as long as possible.

Finally I heard a boat engine start up, and a few moments later the Daiquiri's small sedan cruiser pulled away from the accommodation ladder. It swung around in a wide curve, leaving a crescent of phosphorescence behind it, and drew up beside the White Heron.

Before I could get out of the cockpit to help her aboard, Iris had leaped on deck, turned, said:

"I'll call to you, Harris, when I want you."

"Yes, ma'am."

The cruiser drew away, heading back to the Daiquiri. Iris stepped over the coaming into the cockpit. I was standing now and I said quietly:

"Hello, Iris."

"Bartlett Todd, you have one *hell* of a nerve!"

I turned away, pulled a rag out of a locker and swabbed off the seat, which was already heavily beaded with dew. I said:

"And how have *you* been, darling? Won't you sit down? Cigarette?"

I HELD out a package. She peremptorily waved it aside and sat down stiffly on the edge of the seat. "What's the idea of discussing me on the radiophone?" she demanded.

"And what's the idea of listening in on a private conversation?" I retorted.

"Bart, sometimes I could kill you!"

"Like you killed that hijacker?" I asked, watching her over the match I held to my cigarette.

It must have been the wrong thing to say, because when she spoke again her voice was cool and disarmingly friendly. "I'll have one of those cigarettes, after all. *What* hijacker, Bart?"

"I wouldn't know, Iris. It isn't important, anyway."

I gave her a cigarette and touched my match to it. The skin around her painted lips was chalk white. Her eyes, squinting as they stared at the end of her cigarette, were smoldering. She was probably more furious than I had ever seen her, but she had herself well under control and when she looked up at me she was smiling. I said, to forestall another question:

"Of course you heard my conversation with Larrimore tonight. I saw you hurry into the radio room. To hear him tell it, you're on a pretty tough spot, Iris."

"I am," she admitted quietly. "I'm in a very serious jam. I don't enjoy having it discussed on the air, but so long as you know about it, there's no point in my denying it. Do you want to help me out of it, Bart?"

"I haven't a hundred thousand dollars, Iris."

"I know you haven't, and I wouldn't ask you for it if you had. But if we can prove that wreck is the Bluebird, and that Duncan Campbell and his wife died when it went down, and that some one forged those letters which the Commodore has received every few years, we stand to collect a lot more than a hundred grand."

"And that's why you married Charlie."

"That's only one reason."

"The other, of course, is that you love him."

"Don't be silly!" she exclaimed in disgust. "This is only a temporary arrangement. Divorce, you should remember, is very simple in Florida."

"Does Charlie know it's only a temporary arrangement?"

"Charlie, my dear, has been in an alcoholic daze for twenty years. He thinks Man o' War is still a three-year-old."

"Well, it was a nice plan, Iris—if a bit on the desperate side. However, before you could even borrow against Charlie's estate you'd have to prove that his brother died over there in the Barren Cays. It's been twenty years, Iris, and your chance of finding any proof now is plenty thin. Unless, of course, you intend to plant the proof."

"Do you think I'm that crude, darling?"

No, she wasn't crude at all; I had to give her credit for that. The idea of planting evidence, bodies, anything of that sort, was fantastic. And Iris did not deal in fantasy. Her methods, whatever else they might be, were direct.

"How can I help you?" I asked.

"By getting lost on your way to Bootjack Cay and giving Charlie and me a free hand. That isn't asking much, is it? Give us a chance to prove that ship is the Bluebird and Duncan is dead."

"Give you a chance, hell!" I retorted. "I'll even *help* you!"

She shrugged, then, took a last puff on her cigarette and flipped it over the side. "I should have known better than to ask you. I'd really forgotten how damnably stubborn you are. O. K., darling. Play it your way." She stood up. "See here, Bart. Do you care anything about this little girl Ann Jones?"

I rose slowly, trying to get a glimpse of her eyes. I couldn't see a thing but the white skin around her mouth.

"Suppose I do, Iris. So what?"

She shrugged again and turned on one foot in the very stagy way that mannequins have. She gave a little laugh. It was patently affected, and yet it sent a cold chill running down my spine.

"So what?" I repeated.

"I was merely wondering, darling. That's all. Just—wondering."

Lingering over the last word, she gave it a sinister connotation out of all keeping with its meaning. Then she turned her head a little and light from the cabin hatch shone for an instant on her green eyes. They were cold and glittering and deadly.

"Now don't get excited, my dear," she went on lightly. "I am, you know, an incurable romantic. Ann Jones is a very charming person and I wish you all the luck in the world. I don't really believe you're going to have it, but—you can't rule me out for wishing, can you, darling?"

WE stood there, Iris and I, in the cockpit of the yawl, staring at each other in the opalescent darkness. Ashore the singing of the blacks had grown louder and faster, the beat more pronounced and primitive. If you hadn't caught the word "God" or "Jesus" now and then, you'd never have known they were singing hymns.

A figure in a bathrobe hung over the stern rail of the Daiquiri, smoking a cigarette in quick nervous puffs. That, I knew, would be Charlie Campbell. Down below, Killer snored fitfully, as though his bone-weary body were finding no rest. Ashore our dinghy was drawn up on the white sand where Tommy and Albert had left it when they went up into the village.

I couldn't really see Iris' face now, but I sensed she was smiling—smiling an amused, triumphant smile. I said slowly:

"It isn't like you, Iris, to go around threatening people."

"If you want to take what I said about Ann Jones as a threat," she retorted flippantly, "that's your worry."

"It wasn't what you said—it was the way you said it."

"Well, if you misjudged me, would it be the first time?"

"No, Iris; it would be the second time. I once thought you were a pretty swell person. Now, if you don't mind, you can get the hell back to your rum-dumb husband!"

SHE froze for a moment, and I stood watching her, waiting for almost anything. Then she shrugged, said with an indulgent laugh:

"It's just too, too childish, the way you lose your temper over nothing. Still, you were never very adult, were you, Bart? You've always been a Boy Scout at heart. Well, have your fun—you and Tommy. Play your little games, but—*don't get in my way!*" She turned toward the Daiquiri and called, "Harris! I'm ready now."

When the cruiser came alongside, I put out my hand to help her aboard, but with an angry twist of her shoulders she stepped away from me and hopped into the cockpit. She did not seem then much like the woman I had almost married, and I knew that the last bonds of affection between us, if any had still existed, had been severed. I should have felt pretty happy about it, I suppose. And pretty smug.

But I didn't. I felt only regret and a vague emptiness and a positive but ill-defined foreboding.

I went below and got out Chart 26j and spread it out on the top of the motor housing. I found Bootjack Cay on the chart. It was the largest and only named island of the group of twenty or thirty known as the Barren Cays. I got out the parallel rulers and the dividers and found that Bootjack Cay lay, roughly, ninety miles east-northeast of Little Harbor. I say "roughly" advisedly. There is a printed notation on Chart 26j which reads: "Based on British Surveys of 1817 and 1835." Those old surveys, as any one who has

(Continued on page 26)

Cary, Katharine and Jimmy

are three jolly chums from P-H-I-L-A-D-E-L-P-H-I-A

A blue-blooded heiress (spirited, sporting, scandalizing) gets herself engaged to a self-made stuffed shirt (pompous, petty and prudish)! When she sets out to deflate him, the feathers fly! You'll love the way Katharine Hepburn bowls him over.

Besides the stuffed shirt, there are two other fellows—they both think Katharine is rare, reckless and racy. Cary Grant is the ex-husband who's crazy about removing the 'ex' and Jimmy Stewart is a reporter who hates his assignment but loves the subject of it!

Champagne flows . . . moonlight beams . . . soft music enchants . . . and things look pretty romantic to Katharine and Jimmy on a midnight swimming party! They look pretty suspicious to a couple of other fellows but the whole scene will be a laughing matter to you!

It's anyone's guess who's going to meet Katharine and the parson at the finish line! But it's a fast and racy story to the amazing end! (No wonder the play rocked and shocked Broadway for a year.)

Cary *Katharine* *James*

GRANT·HEPBURN·STEWART

in

The Philadelphia Story

with RUTH HUSSEY

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

THERE'S MORE ABOUT "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY" IN THE LION'S ROAR COLUMN ON PAGE 51

(Continued from page 24)
cruised the Bahamas will tell you, are aggravatingly and sometimes dangerously inaccurate.

Throughout the Barren Cays area and for miles around it were liberally sprinkled the italicized notes which you find on all Bahama charts: "*Rocky shoals dry at low water. . . . Broken reefs in this vicinity. . . . Many rocky heads about here. . . . Strong tides. . . . Many small cays with passages only for boats. . . . Mass of sand bores and many nearly dry.*"

Beginning a few miles northeast of Little Harbor and extending all the way to the Barren Cays like a great fan, lies a wide shoal called Hurricane Bank. It was thickly studded with the little crosses marking coral heads and reefs. The whole bank was tinted in blue, indicating that nowhere on it was there more than three fathoms of water. The soundings were mostly "2" and "1½," with a few scattered "½'s" and "¼'s."

The soundings were, however, extremely sketchy, and I knew that in the hundred years and more since the survey was made there had been many changes. On a calm day when the bottom was not stirred up, and with good light, we might, with luck, be able to carry the Heron's five feet straight across the bank to the Barren Cays.

Red Dog Cay, where Ann Jones had suggested we might meet the following night, lies on the edge of Hurricane Bank about fifty miles due north of Little Harbor. A person going around the bank to the Barren Cays might make Red Dog his first stop, then sail east for forty or fifty miles, dodging reefs and islets. That would bring him to Loggerhead Cay, and from there it would be an easy hop of only thirty miles to Bootjack. Easy, I mean, if Tommy's chart, which was large-scale and joined the general chart here, was accurate. If it wasn't accurate—well, we might blunder around until we found Bootjack Cay, we might get hopelessly lost and have to give up, or we might run into serious trouble.

STOWING the charts away in the drawer, I thought of what Ann had said about seeing me at Red Dog Cay. You'd think that with the little cruiser, which drew less than two feet, she'd head straight across Hurricane Bank and never come within forty miles of Red Dog Cay. Unless she was deliberately going out of her way so that I could follow her without the risk of crossing the bank—or unless she had been deliberately throwing me off. I wouldn't know, probably, until the following night when I got to Red Dog Cay.

I went up on deck. The air was motionless, dead and heavy and hot. It was like the ominous oppressive calm you get before a hurricane, and if this had been September I'd have been worried. Ashore the blacks were still singing. A few people loitered on the beach, but in the darkness they were only figures and I couldn't recognize Tommy nor Albert. The harbor was glassy smooth and blue-black save for the reflections of a few scattered bright stars and the lights of the Daiquiri.

A floodlight had been rigged over the big yacht's accommodation ladder, and two members of the crew were carrying supplies down to the Daiquirette, which lay nudging the larger ship's quarter like a newly born colt beside its mother. I watched them fill the boat's water tank from a deck hose. I watched them load half a dozen ten-gallon cases of gasoline; a diving helmet, pump, and hose; several hampers piled high with galley stores; and two cases of whisky.

VENUS sank behind the black frieze of drooping palms on the western shore. The Negroes stopped singing, and one by one the dim yellow lights in the houses of the settlement went out. It was past ten o'clock and I was beginning to fret. I'd give Albert and Tommy, I told myself, until ten thirty to get back—then I'd swim ashore and start looking for them.

I had only a minute or two to go, and I was covered with cold sweat—wondering what I'd do if I ran into a stray moray or barracuda—when I saw them hurry down to the beach, launch the dinghy, and scramble in. They came out slowly, with Tommy at the oars. I didn't, of course, think anything of that—Tommy always rowed when any one would let him. By the time he pulled alongside and Albert scrambled on deck with the dink's painter, I was cooled off enough to be halfway civil.

"You took your time, you two."

"Yaas, cap'n," Albert said mildly.

Tommy shipped his oars, got one knee on the rail, fended off the dink with his foot, and came aboard.

"Tired, sailor?" I asked.

"Sure am, Bart." He must have been, to admit it. "We shovin' off in the morning?"

"At daylight."

"Then I better get to bed. Good night, Bart. Night, Albert."

He dragged himself below.

"Well, Albert?"

"Hi di'n' find nobody, cap'n. Nobody ever go to de Barren Cays. Dey 'fraid."

"What are they afraid of? Certainly not of any ordinary danger. They go out in their cockleshells in all sorts of weather. They go anywhere. Hundreds of miles. How come they won't go to the Barren Cays?"

Albert was silent. Sitting there in the dim glow of the anchor light, huddled a little against the damp coolness which was beginning to settle over the harbor, he looked very sober, very grave. Well, it was one of those things—call it superstition, a phobia, mumbo jumbo. When the black mind turns down those dark corridors the white man simply cannot follow. As Albert said, the blacks of Little Harbor were afraid to go out to the Barren Cays, and that was that. To try to determine why would be a waste of energy.

"Have none of these man ever been over there?" I asked halfheartedly.

"Two. Dey not 'fraid. Dey not from Li'l' 'Arbor. Dey from Abaco."

"Did you ask them about piloting me?"

"No. Hi di'n' ask."

"Why not?"

"Dey very baad fellers. We doan want dat kind of pilot, cap'n."

"We want *some* kind of a pilot. What do you mean, they're bad fellows? How do you know?"

"Hi know dem two fellers before, cap'n. In de ol' days. We all work togedder for de li'l' lady."

"I see."

I thought about it for a minute or two. Fish were jumping in the shallows to the eastward. They were big fish and they hit the water with solid smacks. One, close on the trail of its prey, streaked over our way, cut around our stern, and headed off toward the Daiquiri.

"Did you talk to them, Albert?"

"No, cap'n. Hi doan talk to dem fellers. Dey doan like me and Hi doan like dem. Hi tell you, dey baad fellers."

"What do you mean, bad?"

"Baad, cap'n. Jus' baad."

I let it go at that. If Albert, whose code was not too rigid, said they were bad, they were *plenty* bad.

I WENT below and turned in. A little later, just as I was dozing off, I heard a faint rhythmic splashing and then the lap-lap-lap of a small boat's wake slapping against our planking. Some one had sculled past us close aboard. I stayed awake for a while; then, when the sound was not repeated, I finally dropped off to sleep.

I awoke at five, just before dawn, and roused Tommy and Killer. Killer woke up sleepy and grumbling; but Tommy, rolling out of his bunk and reaching for his shorts and shirt, was alive and eager.

"We shovin' off right away, Bart?"

"Right away, sailor. Will you start the stove and put the coffee on?"

"You bet!"

I went up on deck. The deep blue darkness in the east was paling and there weren't so many stars in that section of the sky. Everything on deck was soaking wet. Albert, curled up under his blanket and canvas cover, was completely buried. I reached down and shook him, called: "All hands, Albert! All hands on deck!"

The bundle stirred just as a voice farther aft said: "Cap'n, you need a pilot to de Barren Cays? Hi'm good pilot, cap'n."

I stood erect, startled. In the dim glow of our anchor light I saw a small dinghy drawn up astern. A

big Negro lounged in it, holding to our bumpkin with one hand.

"Come aboard," I said.

He pulled his boat up to the stern. He was a big man, for a Bahama Negro, and I could tell by the way he hopped up on deck that he was as strong as an ox and a lot more lithe. He stood there in his bare feet, twirling a battered dirty straw hat, his white teeth flashing bright in the dimness. He would have been a very handsome Negro had not his face been heavily sprinkled with deep pockmarks.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"My name Freddy, saar."

"Freddy, huh? You've been to the Barren Cays, you say. Have you ever been to Bootjack Cay?"

"Yaas, saar." His woolly head nodded vigorously.

ALBERT had crawled from his bedding. Now he stood up, said huskily:

"Dis feller baad man, cap'n."

"Is this one of the men we were talking about last night?" I asked sharply.

"Yaas, cap'n."

"Who sent you here, Freddy?"

"Nobody send me, cap'n. Hi 'ear you want a pilot, dat's hall. Hi need money, cap'n. Hi 'ungry."

"You look pretty well fed to me."

Killer, stepping up into the cockpit, looked in the dim dawn light as big as a gorilla.

"What's the beef, skip?" he demanded.

"There's no beef, Killer." I turned to the big Negro. "I'm sorry, Freddy. We don't need a pilot."

"You goin' into de Barren Cays, cap'n. You need—"

"Scram!" Killer snapped.

Freddy put on his soiled hat and dropped his arms, holding them bowed, bristling as his small black eyes darted back and forth between Killer and me.

"Shall I slam him, skip?" Killer asked hopefully.

"No, it isn't necessary. That's all, Freddy."

The big Negro's shoulders slumped a little. He turned, stepped into his boat and shoved off. I watched him sulkily put his oar in the notch on the stern and scull slowly away. He was only another Bahama Negro, perhaps a bad one among plenty of other bad ones. And yet I wondered if it might not have been wise to have been more friendly, to have sent him off with a few plugs of tobacco. He was, I half suspected, a bad man to have for an enemy. I was sure of it when he sculled straight over to the Daiquiri, tied his boat, and walked up the gangway as though he owned the yacht.

Is Ann in on this trick? In spite of all efforts to prevent him, will Bart be able to reach the wreck before Iris and Charlie? And what surprises are waiting there? There are tense moments in the coming chapter. Read it next week.

My man-eating dog is gone forever

UNTIL a few months ago, the kind of dog I loved was the kind who wags his tail at everybody.

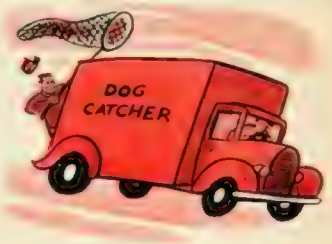
Then my friends became a problem. Despite the new, higher price of liquor, they kept dropping in on me like flies and saying, "How about a

drink?" At that time, I didn't serve M & M. I thought you had to pay a fortune for good whiskey. And as I had no fortune, I got me the meanest dog in town.

After he had torn the seat out of seven pairs of pants, my friends didn't drop around anymore. I had to go to *their* homes to see them.

One night I tasted an elegant whiskey at Jim Evans's place. I asked him how he could afford to serve it.

"You should read the ads in Liberty," he said. "This whiskey is M & M. It costs less than the whiskey I used to serve and *tastes better*."



I agreed. Then I went home and called the dogcatcher. Next day I ordered a case of M & M. Once again, I have fun, friends and drinks. It's a good life, thank you.

Mattingly & Moore

BLENDED WHISKEY—*86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

He saw in the wall mirror that Linda's eyes were traveling over Sigrid's splendid body with a strangely hostile curiosity.
O LAD

Why Not Me?

Of shining courage and hearts that break—A tender, deeply moving tale of two women

By MARTHA OSTENSO

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FROM the window of her immaculate kitchen, Linda Humbert saw her husband, Martin, finishing up his chores in the barnyard. She had been on the point of drawing the blind to shut out the beauty of the evening when Martin's tall figure had come into view. His movements were desultory. He hauled a bag of feed from one place and dropped it in another with no obvious purpose. But there *was* a purpose in what seemed meaningless activity, and Linda knew it too well. Except for the needs of food and sleep, he would perhaps remain out of the house altogether. Her breath caught against the hard core of fear she had carried so long in her breast, and she drew the blind down with a trembling hand.

"I can't help it, Martin!" she whispered. "It isn't fair to you, and you can tell me to go out of your life, but I can't help it!"

She stood for a moment longer before the curtained window, and, because of the precious closeness there had been between herself and Martin before the dreadful thing happened to her, she could follow his loneliness, out there, thought by thought. . . .

Twilight had once been the hour of the day that Martin Humbert loved best out of all the wonderfully changing hours his land knew. But he was no longer sure whether or not the feeling he bore toward this hour was love. He was aware only of a bleak numbness throughout the strength of his body, throughout his mind and heart, where until lately bewildering pain and futile yearning had been housed for well-nigh a year.

The doctor had said it was not uncommon for a woman to react as Linda had done to the loss of a child. The stillborn boy had all but taken her life, and it was this fact, the doctor explained, that accounted for her exaggerating the misfortune out of all proportion. She would in time forget and have another baby. But it was almost a year now, *and she had not forgotten.*

There were things a man could not tell even to a doctor, though. Could not confide even to his best friend. Perhaps John Sorenson, the kindly old lawyer in Red Willow, suspected the depth of the estrangement between himself and Linda, but if he did it was not because of anything Martin had told him. How could a man tell another that his wife shunned even his touch, averted her eyes from his own in piteous terror? Linda's sense of failure in the birth of the dead boy, her humiliation, her dread of a repetition of that tragedy, were too profound for man to grasp, and Martin humbly admitted to himself that he glimpsed her feeling only dimly. If he could just talk to her a little! But no. He had tried time and again, and had met with either stony silence or a white withdrawn fear that was baffling and heartbreaking.

Her return home that time after nearly a month in the hospital—could he ever forget the moment when she stood, a fragile wraith of herself, staring out of the window at the flaming autumn glory of the maples that rose above the coulee? She had pulled the blind down then, and had turned and looked at Martin, her eyes wide against tears. But she had not spoken a word. And that night she had laid her simple toilet articles out on the dresser of the spare bedroom, a room that might as well have been a million miles from the one they had shared.

Yes, it was twilight again over the late summer of his land, the first star timid and remote in the immense violet blue of the sky, and only a reef of primrose still gleaming low in the west.

Sunrise on the prairie was a golden shout, Martin Humbert had thought when he was a boy with a boy's strange, wild fancy, but twilight was ever the silver vesper bell the earth and the heart alone could hear. He had ventured, a little shamefacedly, to confess these notions of his youth to Linda when he had brought her hither, a bride, two years ago, and she had thrown her arms about his neck and wept for joy, and had called him a poet. The size of him, with shoulders like an ox—a poet! He should have felt silly, but instead he was engulfed by happiness. For he had known Linda, the teacher of the district school, only long enough to fall in love with her, and even when he had asked her to marry him he had not been very articulate. But his confession to her of thoughts he had never before uttered to a soul seemed in a trice to have intensified her love for him, so that he was shaken, awed, by it.

Martin walked from the barns down through the deepening shadows of the poplar grove to the neat front gate he had built and painted white that time when Linda, in her first rapture at being a farmer's wife, had with a pretty determination he adored insisted that no farm was a real farm without a white gate. And what a picture she had made, with her brown curling hair and her laughing brown eyes, as she swung on the gate the very minute after the paint was dry!

"I didn't build that contraption for that purpose!" Martin had thundered, standing below her with arms folded, high-booted legs sternly spread apart.

"But *I ordered* it for this!" Linda shouted, and, swinging wide toward him again, she cried deliriously, "Catch!" and in another second was in his arms.

Two years ago—almost. That had been Linda and Martin Humbert then.

The man latched the gate now and leaned forward over the top board, his head in his hands. Things could not go on like this, he told himself with bitter truth.

His troubled musing was inter-

rupted by the sound of an approaching automobile. It stopped at the gate.

"Hullo, Martin!"

John Sorenson jumped down from the car and came toward him, hand outstretched. Martin smiled with an effort, clasped John's hand across the bars, then unlatched the gate.

"Good to see you, John. Drive in, won't you?"

The older man's ruddy face was uneasy.

"The car's all right out here," he said. "I've got something to talk to you about, and I'd rather not go into the house." Then, at the darkening frown of Martin's blue eyes, he added hastily, "It's something that you've got to hear first, alone, boy. Come on; let's sit down."

A LITHE figure in the dusk, Linda had stepped out of the house for a moment to put food down on the collie's tin plate. She patted the dog's head, and then, straightening, saw the two men moving forward through the grove. John Sorenson and Martin. Her pulse quickened. She had always liked old John, but a lawyer could do things . . . things that were fair, too! When a woman could not be a wife to a man— But John and Martin were not coming up to the house. They were sitting, down in the grove, on the wrought-iron bench with the granite birdbath near it, under the whispering leaves of the poplars.

YOU haven't been in town for three days, Martin," John Sorenson was saying, his voice unusually rapid and anxious, "or you would surely have heard about what happened."

Martin glanced at him, waiting. He didn't care much what happened in Red Willow.

"You remember those women I told you about when you were in town last?" John continued. "The old lady, *Fru* Telakson, and her young ward, Sigrid Borge—"

"Yes, sure. Refugees from Norway, you said. Staying at Arne Fram's place. What about 'em?"

"Old Mrs. Telakson was Arne Fram's sister. She had enough money to admit her and Sigrid to this country to stay 'for the duration,' as the phrase has it."

"You told me that."

"That's true, Martin. But what I'm trying to tell you is that Mrs. Telakson died the day before yesterday."

"Well, that's too bad." With drawn brows, Martin looked at John. "So that means that this young girl she had with her—what d'you call her—her ward—is all alone? But Arne Fram "

"That's it, Martin. Arne is a crusty old fool. He has his housekeeper, and he wouldn't take another servant, even if she would work for nothing. Still, that hasn't much to do with it, either. Mrs. Telakson left her money to Sigrid Borge, enough for her to live on in this country independently for a while anyhow. But the point is that Sigrid wants to go to work, and at once. She's big and strong, the type who can't bear to be idle, and besides she wants to be occupied so that she won't have time to think of all she's gone through. Mrs. Telakson's funeral is tomorrow, and today Sigrid came into my office. The old lady had left the money for the girl with me —in American securities."

"She can cash those—"

"Yes; but she insists on working, anyhow, on a *farm*. Mrs. Telakson would want her to do that, she told me, because she was brought up on the Telakson place in Norway, after her parents died. Old Mrs. Telakson was quite a dame, Martin. She taught Sigrid a good deal of English."

"Never mind, Miss Reeves. I found it right on my desk."

Martin looked at his friend.

"What you mean, John, is that you want us to take this girl in here to work?"

"If you explained it all to Linda," John hurried, "she might be—ah—sympathetic. The girl simply wants to work on the land. I suppose that's natural. But I'm not thinking only of Sigrid, Martin. I had an idea that if she were here for a while, Linda might—"

"Thanks, John," Martin interrupted flatly. "I see what you mean, but it wouldn't do any good. Linda would hate a girl big and strong like that."

Sorenson got up with a sigh.

"She broods just as much as ever?"

Martin did not answer, and John shook his head. "Ask her anyhow, will you, my boy? You can't tell—it just might do something for your wife to have the girl in the house."

"All right, I'll ask her. But—"

LINDA had fallen to work cleaning the cupboard shelves, although it was really not necessary. Why had Martin and John Sorenson not come in here after their talk? Surely they could not think her too cowardly to hear what they had to say? She opened the kitchen door, looked out, and saw Martin.

He made his way heavily back up the slope to the house. Reluctant though he always was now to enter the place where Linda feverishly created consuming tasks for herself from dawn to late dark, tonight he decided hardily that he might as well go in at once and get John Sorenson's request over with. The window shades, as usual, were drawn. Sunset or dawn colors she could not endure. Even when she was out of doors in full plain day, her eyes were downcast as if in avoidance of the strong glance of his great surrounding fields. Oh, he knew well enough what it was, though never had she given word to it!

This land should one day have belonged to their son, and the very sight of the opulent acres wheeling under the wondrous moods of the sky was an unbearable taunt to Linda.

How slim that shadow was, moving to and fro against the window blind! How graceful and torturing!

Entering the kitchen at last, he found Linda standing on a chair, laying fresh paper on the cupboard shelves.

"When you're through, will you come in and talk a little bit, Linda? I want to ask you something."

His voice was even, but she looked at him with veiled defensiveness. He strode on into the living room that Linda had made so bright with cretonne covers and cherry-red painted bookshelves that first year of their marriage. After a few minutes she followed him.

She seated herself carefully in shadow on the sofa opposite him. Directly and dispassionately he made his appeal to her on Sigrid Borge's behalf, and she kept silent until he had done. Her expression was unreadable, her cheeks rigidly pale beneath the burning darkness of her eyes; but when Martin rose in startled dismay, she held up her hand.

"It's all right," she said in a low, controlled voice. "Bring her here. It is—our duty to take her in."

Then she rose tranquilly and moved out of the room, while Martin sat in bewilderment looking after her.

FROM the moment of Sigrid Borge's arrival at the farm with one valise and a small antique chest brightly scrolled over with birds and flowers, Linda treated her with a determined

kindness that was not lost on Martin. Though they did not discuss the girl between them, Linda's taut immobility disclosed to Martin, more than words could have done, her resistance to the poignant drama of Sigrid's coming. And Linda knew very well that he was aware of it. At mealtimes, or whenever the three of them were together, the air was charged with Linda's serene detachment.

To Martin, Linda might have said in bitter renunciation, "What is to be, must be!" But she did not, and Martin went about his work more than ever at a loss.

Sigrid Borge was not merely pretty. She was beautiful, a marching glory. She was tall and deep-bosomed, with yellow satin braids wound about her royally carried head, with the stinging red of the north in her cheeks and lips, with larkspur-blue eyes out of which burned unforgettable memories of violation and hatred and ruin and death. But something more—something infinitely more! An indomitable courage shone from those eyes, and sometimes when she stood as if tranced, looking out over the gilded stubble of the fields with their margins torched now by tiger lilies, her gaze held a dream mysteriously gentle.

She was twenty years old. Her vitality was not obtrusive, for everything she did seemed effortless, as smooth as grass flowing in the wind. In helping Linda put up vegetables and preserves, those first days, she did not have to be told twice how a thing should be done, and almost any woman but Linda Humbert would have found her interest aroused.

Instead, Linda forced herself to be more resolutely and impersonally pleasant to Sigrid, more pleasantly aloof with Martin.

SIGRID talked very little, at first, in her halting English. Martin out of delicacy, and Linda because she was guarding herself against any emotion, refrained from asking her about her experiences in her homeland. But then, on the third evening, when Martin abruptly shut off the radio war news as Sigrid entered the room, the girl said, "I hope you do not stop that for me?"

Linda looked up from her mending and smiled gently. "Wouldn't you rather hear some music, Sigrid?"

The girl sat down on a chair and glanced with questioning diffident eagerness from Linda to Martin. It was as if now, after three days, she dared to unburden herself to these strangers who yet were not strangers because they were kind.

"You like me to tell you, might be, how it was before I come to this country?"

Linda's and Martin's eyes met briefly. Linda looked down at her work, and seeing the drawn line of her mouth, Martin said in a voice that did not betray his perplexed, angry despair. "If you want to, Sigrid. Perhaps it will help you to forget it."

You'll like yeast this new way

GOSH, YOU LOOK SWELL! BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?
NO... DRINKING IT! I LOVE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IN TOMATO JUICE. IT'S SO EASY TO MIX, TOO.

JOE: You know, I felt absolutely tops when I was eating yeast. But I didn't like the taste. I couldn't stick with it.

ANNE: Same here! But this new way, in tomato juice, gives you all the benefits of yeast, plus a delicious taste. I'm staying with it this time . . . and twice a day, too. Nobody needs to sell me on the idea. I *know* how much better I feel.

JOE: Maybe I'll start again. I read that "yeast is one of the richest of all natural sources of the wonderful vitamin B complex." Right?

ANNE: Certainly. It's been proved, and lots of us don't get enough. That's why it gives you that up-and-coming, going-to-town feeling! Try it out again . . . first thing in the morning, last thing at night. And take my word for it, you'll like what it does for you.

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

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When Sigrid spoke again, it was in a strange monotone. During those minutes Linda and Martin sat motionless. They followed the awkward English of the rapt voice across troubled seas, and saw through Sigrid's eyes the romance and tragedy that had been hers in the unearthly light of the midnight sun of that last Norwegian spring.

Rolf, her betrothed, had been called to the coastal defense in April, soon after the invasion, almost on the eve of their marriage. Nothing was heard from him for many weeks, and then one night in late May—when there was no true light, but the glamour, luminous and eerie, of a sun barely hidden by the shouldering mountains—Rolf tapped on Sigrid's window at the Telakson *gard*.

He was on dispatch duty, alone, to a point inland from the fjord. His commanding officer understood that he was to spend the night here, up the mountain, to rest his horse. On his return from the secret headquarters in the interior, he was to be granted a day's leave, and that, he vowed, would be his and Sigrid's wedding day! His horse was tethered on the mountain, and from there he had crept down unseen.

NOW Sigrid paused in her story and glanced with a deep earnestness from Linda to Martin and back to Linda. Martin leaned forward and smiled encouragingly, but it was Linda's smile that Sigrid saw. And she shrank back, bewildered and momentarily speechless, from that smile. When she spoke again, it was with a proud reserve, her head high.

Rolf had not come back from his mission, she said. Word had reached home, in roundabout ways, of his death after the delivery of his message. Fru Telakson—*tante*, Sigrid called her, although she was not her aunt—tried to divert her with talk of their departure on a freighter soon for America, where there was money for them both safely held in American banks. But Sigrid could scarcely listen to her. She could hear nothing but the roar of airplanes overhead, the roar of guns from the sea. It was during those days that she would sometimes walk past the sentry, posted outside the *gard*, and would smile innocently at his glum face, with murder in her heart.

July came before the freighter glided in under the cover of fog and Sigrid helped the ailing old Fru Telakson up to the slippery, reeking deck. By that time, perhaps the enemy did not care, anyhow. The pretty little town in the dale was in ruins, the crops despoiled, the sheep and cattle seized and butchered. What did they care if an old woman climbed aboard a freighter that was likely to be caught finally on its way out the fjord?

But the boat was not caught, thanks to a storm, and at last Fru Telakson and Sigrid arrived in America, their papers in order.

"It is all," said Sigrid, standing up and looking straight at Linda. "I go to bed now, please."

She had gone, and Linda turned away from Martin's eyes.

"Did you have to freeze the girl like that?" he demanded roughly. "Just because you have no use for *me*, and you can't stand hearing about love?"

Linda picked up her workbasket, stood tensely an instant looking down at him, and then said: "I can't help it, Martin. You must do—whatever you want to do!"

THE next week was fixedly uneventful, and then a change came. Although Linda was cautious, several times Martin found her studying Sigrid with furtive penetration in which wonderment and fear were peculiarly mingled. He was not able to understand it at all.

But it was the two days of rain, when Martin had to stay indoors, that forced upon him the conviction that the girl Sigrid's coming had been a grave mistake. He was going over his books at the desk in the living room, and chancing to glance to the left he saw in the wall mirror that Linda's eyes were traveling over Sigrid's splendid body with a ravenous, strangely hostile curiosity. Linda sat with a book on the sofa, while Sigrid, in a chair a few feet away, was crocheting some lace edging.

The expression on Linda's face appalled him so that he got up almost immediately and went out of doors. There was nothing else for it. He could not have Linda tormenting herself day after day with the spectacle of Sigrid Borge's voluptuous, brave body. Sigrid would have to go. Tomorrow he would drive into town and try to explain the unfortunate situation to John Sorenson, who would understand. There must surely be some other place, not too far distant, where the girl could find a home.

The sky cleared before suppertime, and there was a lovely limpidly washed sunset afterward, with the silver filigree thread of a new moon above it.

Sigrid loved to milk, and this evening, in the absence of the hired man, she shyly begged leave to be entrusted with that chore.

"The first time I milk in America!" she laughed in the way she had—a way that was all the more fearless, somehow, because of the tremor in it. And then off she went, the milk buckets swinging against her long striding legs.

With his own pails from the milkhouse, Martin followed shortly after.

Linda watched him go. There were two things she had to do—she felt herself mercilessly driven to them—and she hated both things. The question was, which to do first. . . .

In the dusk of the barn, Sigrid sang while she milked—a haunting old-country melody that blurred Martin's eyes. If Linda could only hear her! He wondered, at the same time, whether Sigrid had noticed anything strange about Linda besides her coolness that night when Sigrid had offered her story. The girl had seemed to be quite content since; but what, after all, did he know about women? He did not speak to Sigrid now, sensing oddly that she wanted to feel herself alone there in the warm friendly shadows of the barn. At last he rose with the brimming pails and went to the door.

Linda was standing there, her eyes stricken and dark in her white face. But, before Martin could say a word to her, she had turned and walked swiftly back to the house.

In the milkhouse, Martin set down his pails and stood for a moment breathing heavily. What did Linda's action mean? But it was nonsense to ask. He knew. And for the first time in many months a bold gladness sprang up within him. He must go right away to Linda and learn if what he hoped was true—that her fear of Sigrid was of wonderful significance to him.

She was not in the lower part of the house. He walked softly up the rag-carpeted stairs. There was a faint sound at the end of the hall, where Sigrid's door was slightly open. Puzzled, Martin proceeded uncertainly toward it.

There, above the fantastically painted little chest in Sigrid's room, stood Linda, holding out before her a scrap of a half-finished garment of white flannelette from which a long thread dangled. A needle at the end of the thread glinted in the failing light from the west window. Linda turned suddenly and saw Martin. Her hands and lips were shaking. But he had no time to speak, for now up the staircase came the quick light step of Sigrid. Martin moved in half-blind, confused haste back down the hall, passed Sigrid without a glance at her, and stumbled down the stairs.

He walked about the yard aimlessly for a while, and then made his way to the pasture, where he sat down on a damp grassy hummock and stared unseeingly before him. John Sorenson had known this! Whatever hope there had been of Linda's recovering from her possessing fear was gone now. This explained the expression he had caught on her face in the mirror today. Although there was as yet nothing indicative in Sigrid's appearance, Linda had divined the truth. What would happen now?

He glanced toward the house, darkly silhouetted against the afterglow in the sky. To him it looked like a black and empty shell.

SIGRID had come into her room and had seen Linda with the baby's gown in her hands. The girl had fallen back a step in suddenly pale, wounded amazement.

"You could do so?" she breathed accusingly. "Come in when I am not here? In my country we do not so!"

"But what does this mean, Sigrid?" Linda asked in a choked voice. "I—I have looked at you—and wondered—"

"I should told you," Sigrid interrupted sternly, "so soon I am sure you are my friend. But you are cold and nice, just like to your husband. That I do not like. I wait to see if you are so in your heart I can tell you what it is with me. I need not to stop here if you are not like I hope you are!"

"Sigrid!" Linda was trembling. She sank down upon a chair, the infant's dress still in her hands. "Was it—in the war over there—was it one of the strange soldiers?"

The girl's eyes blazed. She came forward and took the sewing from Linda, folded it tenderly and placed it back in the chest before she replied: "*Strange* soldiers! I jump in the fjord first. No!"

She hesitated, then seated herself and gave Linda a long searching look. Her voice suddenly soft, she asked, "You want I shall tell you? It is what I mean to tell you and your husband that night soon after I come here. But you smile cold on me. Oh—you feel not good now! You are white on the face. I am sorry—"

"No, no, Sigrid! Go on—tell me, please." Linda's hands were tightly clasped in her lap while by great effort she steadied her body. "I never meant to be—cold toward you. You see, I've been unhappy for a long time, Sigrid. And—and that makes some people different from what they really are. When you're afraid of something, that makes you different, do you see?"

SIGRID'S wondering blue gaze dwelt upon her for a moment, and then the girl smiled so marvelously with an approach to understanding that it was all Linda could do to keep back the tears.

"I think, yes, I see," Sigrid murmured thoughtfully. "Like me when I wanted to shoot the—what you call him?—the patrol soldier on our *gard*. I was sad because Rolf was dead, and so I was not like myself. I did not have a gun, or I would kill that soldier. But I would not feel so if I know how it was with me then. For life, it is more good than death. But Rolf, he was gone from me only a small while, and I did not know yet—how you say it?" She pressed her hands to her breast, her eyes at once both radiant and shadowed.

"Yes, Sigrid, I understand," Linda managed to say.

"When I learn how I am, I was glad I did not have a gun. They would kill me if I kill the soldier. Rolf was dead, so I think I am just so good dead, too. But then I find out how it is with me, and I am glad I live."

The room darkened a little during the silence before she went on: "I tell you and your husband—Rolf come and tap on my window. But then I am afraid, from how you look at me. I am not afraid now, for you are changed. I will tell you how it was that night Rolf came to the *gard*."

Linda listened to the broken poetry of the words, and over and beyond

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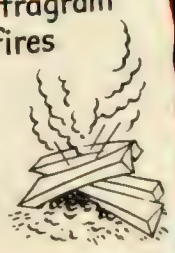

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them built her own frighteningly beautiful imagery.

With a shawl over her nightdress, Sigrid had slipped out of her window and breathlessly through the rough, sweet concealment of the bracken had followed Rolf up to the craggy height where his horse rested. There his arms had found her, and across the vast incandescent sky, where the colors were watery silver and gold, came the lonely call of the cuckoo, the spirit bird who, once seen, brought life-luck to that person who saw him. Sigrid had seen the bird once, but Rolf had never glimpsed him. Yet when Sigrid kissed Rolf, he laughed, clasping her hard in his arms, and said, "Your good luck will be enough for both of us."

Afterward, when she knew that Rolf was dead, she had sat still for many days looking up the mountain toward the place where she had bidden him farewell. There was the roar of guns from the sea, and the sentinel pacing to and fro, and murder for that sentinel in Sigrid's heart.

And then one night, after long wakefulness, she slept and dreamed again of Rolf. At dawn she knew with a certainty that she carried his child, and brought the news to Fru Telakson.

Tante, who had no children of her own, was fiercely joyous—and more impatient than ever to quit her loved soil trampled now by insolent boots.

In mid-Atlantic, when a storm had left her weak and panting, tante said, "For him, your child, Sigrid, I would live even through this! It may not be granted me to see him, but I want you to be proud. In the sight of God, you are more wed than many with rings on their fingers. Never bow your head, my girl, in this new country. For there is freedom and truth where we are going. Your son will be born under that flag!"

Sigrid's voice broke a little, and Linda, holding tightly to the arms of her chair, asked softly: "Doesn't anybody else know, Sigrid?"

"Not one. I thought to tell Mr. Sorenson, but I did not. It is a—lonesome thing to tell a man."

"Yes, it is, Sigrid."

Sigrid stood up suddenly and went to the west window of her room.

"Come, please!" she cried with an ecstatic rush that Linda had not heard in her voice before. Linda came, and Sigrid pointed out of the window to the right. "See! It is the new moon—*ny maanen*—sinking to kiss the earth. To see that, it is good luck in love!

"But that is not all I see from this window here," Sigrid went on rapturously. "I see the great freeness my baby shall have. The wide fields to work upon, even if my child is a girl, like me. So beautiful it all is, so wide, and far away from bad things. The little moon there—Rolf knows about the little moon. Rolf knows all. He knows of me and the baby, I am sure. He knows I stay here might be three-four months more, and I must rest a small time. Then after—I am not afraid. There will be a place for us in this big good country, for I will work!"

"You must stay here, Sigrid," Linda said, "as long as you like. Please. Please don't go away."

Her voice sounded unnatural in her own ears, for she could still hear nothing but Sigrid's phrases—"freedom and truth . . . the wide fields to work upon . . . so beautiful it all is, so wide, and far away from bad things. . . ."

Sigrid's lips were shaping into a glad smile, but now suddenly she looked dismayed.

"You have tears! I did not mean—"

"Tears. Oh, Sigrid!"

With her arms about Linda, Sigrid remained calm and silent, as if this might be just another odd circumstance in a new way of life, a new world.

THE slender moon had set and the heavy August stars swung near and white over the dark earth when Martin turned and entered the house. He came quietly up the stairs, for the rooms showed no light. Then he was alone in the starlight before his own window.

There was a soft step in the hall.

Linda came into the room, closed the door, and leaned against it.

"Martin," she whispered. "Martin, are you there?"

THE END

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With Thin Gillettes, priced four for ten;
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Fritzie, winner, and Henry, upside down. "This time I'll K. O. him," says Fritzie.

Champ or Chump?

BY FRITZIE ZIVIC
WORLD'S WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION

newly risen fistic star ponders
e paths of glory in the prizering

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

MY dad used to tell me and my four fighting brothers that in his young days Terry McGovern was considered invincible until Young Corbett came out of the West unheralded and knocked him out at Hartford, Connecticut, in two rounds, in 1901.

Henry Armstrong was generally considered just about as good a fighter as they thought "Terrible Terry" in the Gay Nineties—that is, until I defeated Henry recently, having him on the verge of a knockout at the final bell.

The great colored boxer and I are signed to meet again on January 17, but this time I won't be satisfied with outpointing him—this time I will knock him out. I'll just resume where I left off before.

Old-timers around my home town of Pittsburgh have been telling me since the fateful night at Madison Square Garden, when I stripped Henry of the last of the three world's titles he had won inside ten months, that my defeat of him was an even bigger upset than that achieved by Young Corbett, the Denverite, forty years ago. They explain that McGovern was only a three-to-one favorite in the betting on that historic occasion, and that the club was crowded to the doors, with hundreds of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia sportsmen present. So somebody must have had an idea that Corbett had a good chance of extending McGovern.

When Armstrong and I met, I was on the short end of the betting, with odds as big as five to one against me; and after the ninth, they tell me, the gamblers were offering to lay twelve to one against my chances.

Further proof that most fans thought me an easy victim was that they stayed away in droves. When we clash again, the house is bound to be sold out. The doctor who performed the operation on Henry's eyes shortly after the fight has reported that they will be as good as ever for his return battle with me.

From reading the sports pages one gets the impression that Hank was badly handicapped against me because of his cuts about the eyes, but the truth of the matter is that my fists were what bothered him. Our next affair will be just a repetition, except that this time I will get in my good hard work from the opening bell and it won't be long before he is being counted over for the first full ten seconds in his career.

Our recent encounter was my first fifteen-rounder, ten having been the longest distance I had previously traveled. My veteran manager, Luke Carney, and I planned the fight just as it was fought. We knew just what to expect—and acted accordingly. My long left jabs and short right uppercuts took all the steam out of Henry. It was a hard right to the heart in the tenth that was the beginning of his unexpected downfall.

We didn't alter plans with the tide of the battle, as some critics would lead you to believe. They said it was when I fought in my natural style that I started piling up points. A change of pace which I displayed was what completely confused him. Besides, I was the first man to meet him who was absolutely unafraid.

It has been printed that the reason Hank lost was that the two hundred or more bouts that he had been

in had burned him out. Proof that he really hadn't gone back at all was that only last July he had knocked out the meteoric Lew Jenkins in six rounds. The Texan had won the lightweight title by being the first man to knock out Lou Ambers, who had previously relieved Armstrong of that title. Last September 23—just eleven days before he met me—Armstrong knocked out a better-than-average lad, Phil Furr, in four rounds in Washington, D. C.

Just think of some of the other things Henry did before he ran afoul of me. He defended his welterweight title nineteen times, only four of his opponents going the route. At another stage of his career he chalked up twenty-seven straight knockouts.

Some day fans who have seen him fight will be telling their grandchildren what a wonderful fighter he was—the best of all time—and they'll rank him ahead of Joe Gans, Joe Wolcott, George Dixon, Benny Leonard, and Terry McGovern, all ring immortals among the so-called little men. My dad used to tell us that when somebody questioned Young Corbett's right to the featherweight title, he'd say:

"If I'm pointed out as the conqueror of Terry McGovern, that's honor enough for me."

By the same token, if the fans in future years just refer to me as the fellow who defeated the great Henry Armstrong, it will be all the distinction I'll ever want.

OVER a year ago I doped out how to fight Armstrong. After that I was always afraid that I'd never get to meet him. It was my impressive win over Sammy Angott that landed the bout for me.

I had often heard the saying, "You must fight fire with fire"—and that's what I did. Hank may have had old scars which I reopened, but he had four new ones when the smoke of battle died away—and needed sixteen stitches to mend them.

I find it hard to express the mixed feeling that I had when I saw him topple over on his face at the conclusion of our hectic battle. I had a mingled sense of sympathy for him and joy for myself and of all the fame and glory it meant, this winning of the championship—something that none of my four capable brothers was able to accomplish in twenty years of ring warfare.

Sitting in my dressing room after the fight, with only a puffed ear to remind me of a supposedly merciless opponent, I almost burst into tears as suddenly I thought of my dad, who had passed away about ten years ago, and of how he would have loved to have been present at my great victory. It always had been his one big hope in life that one of his five fighting sons would some day win a title—and before he died he told me that he had about come to the conclusion that I was his last hope.

Dad encouraged all five of us boys to become fighters. He kept a saloon on the East Side of Pittsburgh. We lived upstairs, and whenever a customer became unruly dad blew a whistle, and any of us who happened to be home hurried down to give the troublemaker the bum's rush. This was good fighting experience.

I guess I first got the idea that I had within me the makings of a champion in 1935, when Lou Ambers was awarded the decision over me. I broke his jaw and put him out of commission for a long time. I think this was just after he had failed to win a title fight with Tony Canzoneri.

Although none of my brothers believed I had a chance to beat Armstrong, still all four of them were at the ringside—I guess they planned to pick up the pieces. My mother, wife, and two boys listened in on the radio.

To Jack, the second oldest brother, I owe the fact that I copped the crown, as it was he who furnished the blood for two transfusions in 1936 when I was at death's door with double pneumonia, and saved my life. The Pittsburgh sports writers thought I was a sure goner and had obits ready. Sick as I was, I remember Jack saying something to the effect that the "fighting Zivic blood" was in me again and that I must get well and return to the ring to land a title for the old homestead.

My brothers weren't as fortunate as I have been, although Jack knocked out Lew Tendler, who came so near putting Benny Leonard away, and he and Pete won many amateur titles, including the Olympic one in which Pete defeated Frankie Genaro, later world's flyweight champion, in the finals. He was so good that he once defeated four bantam contenders in a row—Midget Wolgast, Joe Burman, Jack Sharkey, and Abe Attell Goldstein—so Joe Lynch, then champion and managed by Eddie Mead, Armstrong's pilot, wouldn't meet him.

EDDIE is still fighting, but I wouldn't be surprised if he retires soon. He has been a good lightweight but never got the breaks. Joe was a middleweight and gave up after four years of indifferent success. He was at heart a ballplayer and once played in the same minor league with Pie Traynor, famous Pirate player and manager. An injury to his shoulder forced him to quit both ring and diamond.

I'm now the sixth Pittsburgher to win a world's title, the others being middleweights Harry Greb, Teddy Yarosz, George Chip, and Frank Klaus, and Billy Conn, present light-heavyweight champion who is now regarded by many as the only real opponent in sight for Joe Louis.

And it seems strange that only four years ago I met Billy Conn. I'm still around the welter mark, while he is growing bigger and bigger.

I attribute what little I have done to clean living, plenty of sunshine, milk, eggs, and vegetables, lots of rest, and passing up all fried stuff.

My wife is reconciled to my manner of making a living, but she says she never would want any of our boys to take it up as a profession.

I began as an amateur at fifteen when weighing only 109 pounds. By the time I was seventeen I weighed 118 and had won several amateur honors. I was eighteen when I turned pro, beginning as a feather. It was in 1933 that Luke Carney took me and Eddie to California. I won fourteen bouts there, and Al Jolson, who later bought Armstrong's contract for Mead, wanted to buy me.

I know how it feels to be knocked out, and I consider it a good experience. Last year Milt Aron knocked me out in eight rounds, but before he did it I dropped him four times. Johnny Barba, Charlie Burley, and Jimmy Leto have won decisions over me.

I HAVE never had any crack at any good-sized purses, but now perhaps the worm has turned. I have had little luck in business ventures. I made so much money with a raffle board when I attended Schenley High School that I quit and went into the candy-store business. I was my own best customer. Then I tried the drive-yourself car business, a cleaning-and-dyeing establishment, and a wholesale popcorn business, and all were flops. I have an interest in a fight club still, but as fighting is my business I will make it so exclusively from now on.

I first fought in the New York Garden on the same bill with Billy Conn. He defeated Fred Apostoli, February 10, 1939, while I defeated Apostoli's stable mate Eddie Booker, who had never been beaten in forty-five professional bouts.

The Pittsburghers who saw my victory over Armstrong cleaned up plenty. I don't think it was because any of them really thought I'd win, but because the odds were so inviting. I was given a grand reception when I returned home a conquering hero, but I couldn't help thinking how different it will be if I ever return after losing the championship. My hope is that I retire, like Gene Tunney, before that ever happens.

That bashed-looking nose of mine makes many fans pity me. They figure I stopped plenty of punches with it. The badly broken nose, which never bothers me, but which I mean to have mended when I retire, was caused by a bat when I foolishly tried to catch in a scrub baseball game without a mask.

It's great to be called champ—but the word is so much like *chump*, it isn't funny. I mean to get all there is to get while the going is good and meet all worthy contenders. But mark this: Although Armstrong can still beat many boxers who probably could beat me, I know I will beat *him* again—this time by a knockout—just as Young Corbett repeated when he met Terry McGovern again.

THE END

WHERE ARE THE CHORUS GIRLS OF YESTERYEAR?

What price beauty? — A pilgrimage into the past

by

EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A WOMAN was singing that song of the Irish poet, Tom Moore:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away."

We listened for awhile, caught in the magic of a mood. And when the song was done my friend stirred in his seat and lighted a fat cigar.

"That song always makes me think of girls I used to know," he said, "young girls full of fire and fun and fairy gifts that fade too fast. Just now I was thinking of Jessie Reed."

Jessie Reed was dead. Had been dead for months. She had been forgotten long before she died.

"I was thinking of Jessie Reed," my friend continued, "and of beauty —feminine beauty. I was wondering whether beauty was a blessing or a curse, a fairy godmother or an angel with a flaming sword. Life preys on beauty, soils it, withers it, kills it. And when beauty dies—and the girl lives on without it—"

He didn't finish the thought. He contented himself with blowing smoke rings for a time.

"There's a great theme for a story," he said. "The death of beauty. The life and the death of Jessie Reed. And the tragedies that have filled and thwarted and choked and ruined the lives of other beauties. The Ziegfeld Follies girls now—did you ever know any of them?"

"Yes," I said, "quite a few."

"Exquisite, weren't they?"

"Gorgeous," I said, "and young."

"Young," he echoed. Then, "I suppose I'm a sentimental old ass," he said, "but I still think you ought to write the story of Jessie Reed, and of all the other Follies girls who have died or been forgotten. Where are they now, those beautiful ones who used to charm us? Such a story may help some heartsick fairhead who has run away from home to be an actress or a chorus girl. It may send her back to mama. And it may warn some impulsive and heedless and ambitious kid to watch her step, and not to depend on beauty. . . . And I'll give you some beatitudes with which to adorn your story."

I reached for a pencil and jotted down his words:

"Blessed is she who wears her beauty wisely; she shall not be made a fool.

"Blessed is she who realizes that beauty comes from God, and who acts accordingly; her beauty shall never fade.

"Blessed is she who gives her beauty only to true love, for she shall know honor as well as joy.

"Blessed is she who keeps her mind and heart as beautiful as her face and body, for no harm shall touch her."

Miss Ruth Richmond, executive vice-president of Chorus Equity, didn't agree with my friend in some things.

"There has been a wholesome change in the type of girl who goes into the chorus now," she said, "contrasted against the type we knew in, say, 1928, 1929, or 1930.

"The 1940 model chorus girl is a much higher type. She's more beautiful, more intelligent, more industrious, more professionally minded."

"What has become of the great chorus beauties of the last decade?" I asked her. How many are living? How many are married? How many are dead?"

"Thirteen have died in the last ten years," Miss Richmond answered. "A great many have married, and quite a few of them are mothers. Most of them are happy, I'd say. I know one who has become a noted scientist. I know another who takes prizes for her flowers and her chickens. I know one who spends most of her time in charity work and in prayer. And I can give you the names of at least forty who are stars or featured players on the stage and in motion pictures. These girls were in the Follies or in Earl Carroll's Vanities."

"What about those who died?" I asked. "How did they die?"

"Four died of natural causes," she said. "Jessie Reed was the last of these to go. Nine are listed as suicides."

Nine of the most beautiful women in the world have killed themselves! Nine out of thirteen. Approximately 70 per cent.

My friend was right. There was a story there.

How did these girls die—the ones who died of natural causes? One was burned to death in an explosion on Harry Richman's yacht. This was Helen Walsh, a girl with meadow larks in her laugh, a light-hearted, witty, sanguine, talented youngster. She was scarcely twenty-two.

Kay Carroll and Myrna Darby died of "natural causes." Kay was known as one of the most beautiful show girls on Broadway, but Myrna was acclaimed the most beautiful. She attracted the fantastically rich, and they smothered her with their favors. She could not handle the men her big eyes tempted. She could not handle herself. There was too much kindness in her, too much affection.

Thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of jewels were given her. Princely yachts awaited her orders. And everything she did was news.

Yet when she lay dying in a dark and noisome little room, only one man of all the men who had known her came to visit her and help her. That was Larry Fay, a hoodlum with an audacious and engaging grin, as tough a guy as New York ever knew and liked. Larry Fay, later killed in a gunfight, had seen Myrna only once before.

I don't think Larry was in love with her. I knew Larry. But I know he pitied her. He found her dying, with nobody around her. He got a doctor for her. He got nurses. He did what he could. But it was too late. Myrna died at the age of twenty-one. And Larry Fay paid her funeral expenses.

Myrna's estate consisted of two fur coats, valued together at $750.

Helen Walsh, Kay Carroll, Myrna Darby, and Jessie Reed, these are the four who died of "natural causes."

Jessie Reed was forty-three. She died as a charity patient in the Chicago Osteopathic Hospital, and through charity she was saved from burial in potter's field.

In her heyday, diamonds-ain't-hay-day, every day is pay day, Jessie Reed was tops. Florenz Ziegfeld, her boss, classed her with Peggy Hopkins Joyce in beauty and in popularity.

Jessie was born in a little Texas town. Her people were poor, and she had scarce entered her teens when she went to work to help them. She was a waitress, but she never worked very long in any lunchroom. The boss always got too fresh. And Jessie didn't like fresh guys. She was a nice kid, you see.

One night a young man came into the restaurant where she worked and ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee. And you might say it was love at first bite. He was an actor, member of a second-class road show, but he was the most exciting person Jessie had ever met.

She didn't believe it when he asked her to marry him.

"You don't mean it!" she cried.

But he did mean it. And he wanted to marry her right away. He was leaving town with the troupe. Jessie was fifteen years old, but she married him. She played a bit in the road show. She bore a child, a beautiful little girl.

Perhaps she should have been happy; but she wasn't. Life on the road was not the exciting life she had fancied it. Life was one dull little town after another, one smelly hotel room after another. Life was sitting up nights in day coaches and trying to keep the baby quiet, skipping a meal now and then because the box-office take was slim.

Jessie and her husband, Oliver de Brow, were divorced and she came to New York to hazard her beauty on the chance of fame and fortune.

She succeeded, after months of semistarvation, in winning a place in the Passing Show of 1918. Then Ziegfeld saw her, and placed her in the Follies, the heaven of heaven of all the show girls.

Bright fame was hers, and brighter fortune. Hundreds of men made love to her, gave her costly presents, begged to marry her. Cinderella of the storybooks never dreamed of such a life as Jessie Reed enjoyed. But Jessie Reed didn't enjoy it. Fame palled on her. Money lost its value. And love, that had been so precious to a little Texas waitress, lost its savor.

DO what she might, Jessie could find happiness nowhere. Not even in marriage. She tried it four times more, but it never worked.

Five marriages. Five divorces. Five tries at happiness, five ghastly failures.

Love was gone and youth was gone, and gradually all the money and the jewels and the other treasures she had accumulated followed love and youth.

In her later years you might see her in some cheap joint in Chicago or New York or elsewhere, working as a hostess, or read in the paper that her landlady threatened suit to evict her because she could not pay her room rent.

Only when a throat infection made it impossible for Jessie to work did she ask help—from the Ziegfeld Club and from the Actors Fund. And help was given.

The infection was cured and the patient went to her five-dollar-a-week room in a North Side boardinghouse, put on her best dress and her nicest hat and went out to look for work. There was no work for her. Jessie was forty-three. She was a has-been.

Jessie, who had in her day refused diamonds because they were flawed, went to a public agency and begged to be put "on relief." While waiting to hear from the agency she contracted pneumonia.

A reporter, scenting a story—ex-Follies girl on relief—found her lying in bed in a cold bleak room, unconscious and close to death. He had her taken to a hospital before he wrote his story.

On the day Jessie Reed came to her end, her daughter, Ann Carroll de Brow, a young woman of twenty-four—not knowing of her mother's plight—won a beauty contest in San Antonio, Texas.

IN the last ten years thirteen fabulous beauties have died. Four of natural causes, and nine of their own desire of death.

Drink had a lot to do with the suicide of these nine young women. Drink and loneliness and disappointment in love.

Edith Babson, née Birney, daughter of a distinguished New England family, was just as big a success in the Follies as any of the girls who used the dressing room. She married Lester Laden, classmate of Rudy Vallee, and Rudy's secretary. For a time she seemed happy.

But something happened, and Edith went to work in a fashionable dress shop. Apparently she found no joy in modeling clothes, for she began to drink and finally was discharged.

That night she went up onto the roof of her Greenwich Village apartment and leaped out into the dark.

Jerie Rogers jumped from the thirteenth floor of her apartment in New York. And none of her intimates yet knows why. Jerie was only nineteen years old. She had won a beauty contest in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and she had won a job in the Follies—at that time operated by the Shuberts. She had youth, an amazing beauty, good health, an assured future in the world of the theater. What drove her to her death?

Dolores Dawn, a gorgeous blonde, was another nineteen-year-old suicide. She had been fired from the Hollywood Restaurant show because the management thought she was drinking too much. She went out that night, gaily, to attend two parties. She went home and walked out of a window on the sixteenth floor.

Betty Hamilton was twenty-one, but she had had years of glory as a show girl in New York, in Paris, and in London. After a quarrel with her sweetheart she took poison. Friends found her in time, rushed her to a hospital, and saved her life. But the minute she returned to her hotel she opened the window and leaped out.

Florida Lane's story is one often

told. She left the Follies to marry Morris Roderick Volck, son of an ambassador. They were divorced in 1929, and Flo and her child went to live in a house in Eighty-first Street, Manhattan. Shortly after this, Volck married a nineteen-year-old moving-picture actress, and Flo jumped to her death when she heard the news.

Adelaide Hughes was twenty. Her father owned a citrus ranch in California and gave her a comfortable allowance. She was a student of the University of Oregon, but she left her classes with the idea of becoming an author.

Adelaide came to New York and found work in the Hollywood Club restaurant chorus. Her loveliness got her that job. She explained that she sought this sort of work to help in her literary career. One could find color, excitement, romance, everything—in the chorus.

What happened? Nobody has ever said. She was popular with dozens of men but was involved with no one man in particular. Or, if she was, nobody knew it.

But something happened so terrible that Adelaide thought only death could give her peace. She wrote two notes saying she had no reason to live, and then turned on the gas.

BEVERLY BURNS came to New York from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, burning with ambition to get into the chorus. She was nineteen years old, poor kid, and nobody had told her that New York is lonely and hard, especially for girls with little money. She found out all these things for herself, and they frightened her.

One morning the mailman brought a letter to Beverly's door. It bade her report for work in the chorus of a new show and promised her seventy-five dollars a week. But she couldn't read it, for she was already lying dead in her room, a room that was filled with gas.

One of the most famous of all the famous Follies girls was Gertrude Williams—and one of the "most fortunate," and one of the richest.

Gertie had such an adorable face and so adorable a figure. And she married such a nice man, such a rich man! He was Robert Coverdale, a Wall Street broker.

Gertie used to be seen everywhere in New York with her husband, everywhere in the night-club belt. She was always charming, happy, and sweet, always adorable.

Suddenly her friends discovered she had vanished. They could get no news of her. They missed her for a time, and then forgot her.

Years passed, until one morning the police were called to a dingy gas-filled basement flat, where they found the body of a woman. It was only by chance that some one found a piece of paper in her possession on which was the name Coverdale. Through that they succeeded in identifying her as the former Follies queen.

And now—would you care to read the names of the girls who are listed as successes on the roll of Chorus Equity? Here they are:

Iris Adrian, Virginia Bruce, Dolores Costello, Helene Costello, Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford, Constance Cummings, Audrey Christie, Peggy Conklin, Wyn Cahoon, Josephine Dunne, Claudia Dell, Helen Erickson, Alice Faye, Paulette Goddard, Harriet Hilliard, Dorothy Jordan, Arline Judge, June Knight, Carole Landis, Gypsy Rose Lee, Jacqueline Logan, Boots Mallory, Helen Morgan, Jessie Matthews, Jeanette MacDonald, Marion Martin, Barbara Pepper, Mary Alice Rice, Dorothy Sebastian, Peggy Shannon, Barbara Stanwyck, Benay Venuta, Doris Weston, Grace Bradley, Portland Hoffa—she's now Mrs. Fred Allen—Vilma Ebsen, Sally Rand, Claire Luce, Vivien Fay, and Mary Nolan.

There are some I wouldn't label successes, some I know who are among the unhappiest of human beings, even though they still have beauty and fame and money. And there are others just as miserable—though they are still listed as successes—who have neither money nor fame, and only a trace of their former beauty.

Maybe a girl is lucky if men don't see any beauty in her. Maybe a beautiful girl is lucky only when she has sufficient strength of character to protect her beauty. Certainly outward beauty, with no inward beauty to back it and make it tough and everlasting, is a delusion and a snare and a curse to every one who has it.

THE END

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Aviation Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

(Grade of 90 makes you an ace; 80, commercial pilot; 70, limited commercial; 60, private; 50, solo; 40, a student; below 30, a kiwi—you had better go back to ground school.)

1—Translate into everyday English the expression "Give her the gun!"

2—What do pilots do when they get a "zero-zero" report?

3—Every one knows that TWA stratoliners fly coast-to-coast in less than fourteen hours, but how long did the first transcontinental flight take?

4—Name at least three movie stars who are pilots.

5—Who was the American ace of aces during the last war, and what is he doing now?

6—Who was the Allied ace of aces, and what is his job now?

7—There is a man alive today who has spent two days of his life at six miles above the earth's surface. Who is he, and why the altitude?

8—Exactly what is the difference between a seaplane and a flying boat?

9—In aircraft construction, what is meant by high wing? Low wing?

10—What is wrong with "He zoomed down over the barn"?

11—Who invented the parachute?

12—Does altitude affect dumb animals? If so, how?

13—Aboard a naval aircraft carrier what is a "hot papa"?

14—What is reputed to be every pilot's ambition?

15—When do you tip an air hostess?

16—What does "contact" mean?

17—Does the pilot chute have anything to do with flying?

18—Rule one in flying is "All landings must be made into the wind." Name three ways to determine wind direction while flying cross-country, in the event of a forced landing.

19—What is an amphibian?

20—Where in the world and when did regular air-mail service get started?

21—Exactly what is a three-point landing?

22—Who was the only woman to be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross by the U. S. government, and why?

23—There is much talk these days about dive bombing. What is it and where was it developed?

24—From what three sources is air-lines revenue derived?

25—To bail out a boat is generally understood. But how does bail-out apply to flying?

26—The second person to fly across the English Channel was an American. Who was it, and when?

27—What is the Caterpillar Club, and why is it so called?

28—Here is a believe-it-or-not: Who issued the first license to fly?

29—The question most often asked a pilot is "What happens when something happens to the motor?" Can you answer it?

30—What are "air pockets"?

BY SWANEE TAYLOR

31—What are de-icers and how do they work?

32—When did regular air-mail service start in the United States?

33—Do aviators smack their lips at the mention of the word "soup"?

34—What is a kiwi?

35—Is there a cure for airsickness?

36—What is aileron control, and who invented it?

37—Where is the "West Point of the air"?

38—How much of a ground crew is required to keep an air liner in operation?

39—When "airplane dope" is mentioned, does it refer to data, medicine, or some goofy pilot?

40—Superchargers are used on engines to get more power. What is the purpose of cabin superchargers and how do they work?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

Sex appeal *vs.* Swastika

THE BATTLE FOR SOUTH AMERICA

By BARBARA WAKE

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

LIKE the timorous lady in the tourist office, Hollywood these days is "looking for a nice nonbelligerent zone with scenery." But in Hollywood's case, the scenery must be "long green" scenery with golden sunsets and silver spoons. For Hollywood, poor darling, needs the money.

Stripped of its European income, which in normal times furnishes nearly half of its spending money, Hollywood must quickly find a suitable substitute if it is to continue to support its potentates and polo ponies in the style to which they are accustomed.

And where is this Promised Land, this continent of box-office delight?

Well, at the moment Hollywood eyes are turning fondly toward that portion of the Western Hemisphere which calls Ann Sheridan "*La Bella del Oomph*," advertises Mickey Rooney in *Andy Hardy se Enamora*, and describes Judy Garland as "*la chiquilla de Kansas*" in *El Mago de Oz*.

Chief surface evidence of Hollywood's concern for the people and pesos down yonder is a flock of film musicals which have South American titles and, in some instances, well known South American, as well as North American, acting names.

RKO, for instance, has imported for its They Met in Argentine, the actor who is said to have the largest fan following between the Isthmus and the Straits, Alberto Vilo, and for musical atmosphere has thrown in that persistent concertgoer and attentive Jeanette MacDonald husband, Gene Raymond.

Señor Zanuck, never one to be outdone, is countering with an exploding bombshell named Carmen Miranda, who last year blitzkrieged her way through The Streets of Paris quite as effectively as Hitler did this year, and incidentally displayed a much better figure. And Miss Miranda is only one of the hot numbers. Down Argentine Way has Betty Grable too.

Hollywood fights Hitler for a new promised land

Universal, whose offering, Argentine Nights, seems to cry out for the presence of Dr. Harry Lillis Crosby, contents itself with minor Latin cast importations and leaves the chief burden of international gagging to those eminent Spaniards, the Brothers Ritz, and a beauteous trio of Andrews sisters who could make a song sound warmly Latin even in Esperanto.

Paramount, too, is toying with a trifle, or, rather, the idea of a trifle, called Las Vegas Nights, which has at least one element of novelty: it does not have "Argentine" in its title.

And so it goes.

Whether Hollywood can subdue South America with weapons such as these is open to dispute. But it is determined to try. In short, it has gone good-neighbor—which is good business and good Americanism, but a big job.

There is a popular misconception in this country that Hollywood has a world monopoly on picture production. But the fact is that we produce about 700 feature pictures a year, whereas 1,800 feature pictures are produced yearly in foreign countries.

Especially in the territory we have been discussing, Hollywood-made films are meeting with heartbreaking competition, because Nazi Germany dumps her films into South America and sells them at ridiculously low figures with the primary purpose of getting Germany and the Germans before South Americans in the most favorable light. Inside of twelve months, in one of the larger S. A. countries, the number of German films shown increased sevenfold! And there is reason to believe that this rapid celluloid infiltration is part of a much wider and deeper plan.

"We shall create a new Germany there," said Herr Hitler in speaking of South America. It is this ambition, of course, which gives Hollywood's good-neighbor treasure hunt a significance and importance which those who instituted it probably never envisaged. If we believe, as most do, that Hitler's building "a new Germany" on our near-by continent is at variance with the best interests of the United States, we must arm ourselves against this Nazi photo column.

The fact that the motion-picture industry's present interest in good-neighborliness is primarily commercial should not lead us to discount its possible influence for hemisphere good. Hollywood good-neighborliness, properly directed, might prove far more effective than a dozen Pan-American conferences or a hundred experimental cartels. Like most

neighborhood undertakings, however, there are complications which must first be ironed out. For example, the matter of the spoken word.

The mass of people in South America do not understand English. In the foreign-language European market Hollywood was able to meet the situation after a fashion by letting the actors jabber on in English and continuing the old silent-picture titles in the language of the country in which the film was being shown. In South America, however, the percentage of film fans who could not read at all was found to be far too high to make any such simple solution practicable.

At this point, Hollywood became commendably ingenious. If South Americans wouldn't go to Hollywood's pictures, Hollywood pictures would go South American.

Overnight, the business of producing films with Spanish and Mexican actors speaking Spanish dialogue became an industry within an industry. Into it disappeared most of those near-Navarros and would-be Valentinos who had gone out of English-language pictures in the great slick-hair purge. But, with few exceptions, the pictures didn't sell. The tropical and subtropical film fans knew our real box-office stars as well as we did, and, Spanish or no Spanish, would have no others.

THE amount of hero worship of which the South American fan is capable is continually amazing and sometimes embarrassing to its recipients.

Some five years ago, when marital troubles and sissified roles were hanging heavily about Clark Gable's broad shoulders, he decided to "get away from it all." Looking around for an out-of-the-way spot where he would not be recognized and would, therefore, be treated like a human being, he picked on South America. But his ship was scarcely spotted on the horizon before a welcoming shout went up which could be heard from the rich tablelands of Mato Grosso to the bleak steppes of Patagonia.

Once landed, Clark found himself the central figure in a demonstration which combined all the finer points of triumphal tour and hare-and-hound chase, and which climaxed in Santiago, Chile, when a mob of señoritas stormed his bedroom while he slept and ripped the buttons off his underclothes.

Three years later, when the youthful Tyrone Power was fretting himself no end over the delay in Annabella's divorce from Jean Murat, he, too, conceived the idea of a South American getaway. When he landed, they had to put a fence around to protect him from the surging crowds.

But to get back to picture making for the South American market. When it became clear that Hollywood-made "native" pictures were a bust, the industry tried "dubbing" Latin voices on to Anglo-Saxon lips. But this scheme worked little better than the first. The Argentinian speaks and understands quite a different Spanish dialect from the Mexican, Peruvian, Chilean, Bolivian, etc., and each of these other nationalities differs markedly from the others. Moreover, they have little or no use for each other's rendering of the mother tongue, or, for that matter, for the mother tongue itself, and they resent having to listen to any kind of Spanish but their own. So a film, to be even reasonably acceptable throughout the continent, must be "dubbed" not once but several times, and even then it does not reach large numbers of South American moviegoers who do not speak any kind of Spanish but do speak German, Italian, Portuguese.

Expensive and far from satisfactory though this process of multiple dubbing is, Hollywood still practices it whenever it has a big picture which is believed to be especially appealing to South American audiences. Tyrone Power's current vehicle, The Mark of Zorro, has been dubbed six times: once in the Spanish we learn in high school and once each in the dialects spoken in the five leading South American countries.

However, the future for dubbed pictures still looks very dubious. South Americans have their own fan magazines, and from assiduous reading of them they know, for example, that Montana-born Gary Cooper, whatever his talents and virtues, is no Spaniard. They have learned, too, by listening to the English-language films which come their way, what Bette Davis' own voice really sounds like and they are not to be misled by any mellifluous Spanish substitute. In short, they know they are being fed phonies, and are not slow to say so.

SOUTH AMERICAN audiences are very articulate. We of the long-suffering North sit through a picture, sometimes two pictures, which we do not like and go home without threatening to kill any one. Your Argentine crowd, under similar circumstances, stamps and boos until the management stops the film it has started to show and puts on another. Frequently a house will try four or five times before finding one that the audience will accept.

Now, 120,000,000 South Americans —at least in this matter of knowing what they want and getting it— can't be wholly wrong. So Hollywood's job, if it wants these new neighbors to come to its parties, is to find out what they do want—and will take without threats of mayhem.

And that is just what Hollywood has been trying to do.

After Galluping its potential Latin-American market from Mexicali to the Cape, it has reached the typically Hollywoodian conclusion that the boys and girls below the Rio Grande don't care much what kind of production they get so long as it is an expensive one. When it comes to little pictures, poor pictures, and cheap pictures, they prefer the ones they make themselves, of which there are plenty.

Now, a big picture costs big money to make. And it is pretty darn discouraging to an industry that has just decided that the only way to offset the loss of its European income is to cut down on production costs, to discover that the only way to get a new market is to raise them. But the fact remains that if Hollywood hopes to build business in the southern half of the Western Hemisphere, it will have to keep on producing high quality Hollywood stuff in the grandest Hollywood manner.

OF the big productions suitable for South American consumption, musicals are, of course, naturals, not only because of their minimum dependence on dialogue and plot, but because of the well known South American enthusiasm for music and musical performers.

What Hollywood hopes to accomplish with its current cycle of South American musicals is as nothing compared with what it may still accomplish as a public service if it ever finds just the right way to sell Anglo-Saxon America to Hispanic America.

Said Warner Brothers' vice-president, Joseph H. Hazen, to the writer not long ago: "The American film is America's greatest salesman. It sells our motorcars, bathroom fixtures, furniture, electrical equipment, and the hundred and one other articles which are shown in our films. . . .

"But the American film is also America's greatest ambassador. It furnishes the principal means of entertainment for all the peoples throughout the world . . . and it is difficult for any one whom you entertain and make laugh to hate you. . . ."

Foreign countries have for a long time recognized the effect of American picture productions upon the social and economic life of their people and have, by quota barriers and censorship laws, endeavored to keep out American films.

"If the United States abolished its diplomatic and consular services, kept its ships in its harbors and its tourists at home and retired from the world's markets," stated the London Daily Post, way back in 1933, "its citizens, its towns, its countryside, its roads, its motor cars and counting houses would still be familiar in the uttermost corners of the world. The film is to America what the flag was once to Britain. By its means, Uncle Sam may hope some day to Americanize the world."

That last statement, in the light of present conditions, may seem a bit optimistic. There is still a chance, however, that our celluloid salesman may be the instrument by which our half of the world may save itself from being *de*-Americanized!

THE END

40 ANSWERS

by Swanee Taylor

to his questions on page 40

1—The best interpretation is "Step on it!" In aviation, the word "gun" means throttle.

2—Take the day off. It means that the clouds (ceiling) are down on the ground and the visibility ahead is 0—zero—feet.

3—Exactly fifty days. It was made in 1911 by Calbraith Perry Rodgers, flying a Wright pusher.

4—Ruth Chatterton, James Stewart, Jackie Coogan, Robert Taylor, Edgar Bergen, and Wally Beery are pilots. Beery probably is the best of all movieland flyers.

5—Captain Eddie V. Rickenbacker with twenty-six official victories (one unofficial). Now the president and general manager of Eastern Air Lines.

6—Colonel William "Billy" Bishop, Royal Canadian Air Force, with seventy-two official victories (twenty-three unofficial). Now Air Marshal of Canada.

7—D. W. "Over-weather" Tomlinson. His object was to learn about flying in the sub-stratosphere.

8—A seaplane is an ordinary airplane with pontoons instead of wheels. A flying boat is a boat hull with wings attached.

9—High wing is where the wing is attached to the top of the fuselage; low wing, to the bottom. All today's air liners are the low-wing variety.

10—You never zoom *down*. A zoom is a sharp steep *climb*.

11—Leonardo da Vinci. Some time before Columbus sailed on his first voyage, Leonardo made drawings of the world's first practical chute. But it wasn't until 1617 that Fauste Veranzio gave the chute its first trial—built one and jumped off a steeple in Venice.

12—They don't mind it a bit. In fact, the drone of the engine makes them sleepy. Dogs, however, like to stick their heads out into the wind stream whenever possible.

13—One of the rescue men, dressed in asbestos clothing, who stand by in case of crash or fire on the landing deck.

14—To be the world's oldest aviator.

15—Never. She considers her job a new profession for women, not in the least menial. She might, however, consider an offer of marriage if the passenger is handsome and comfortably solvent.

16—That the switches are on—don't touch the propeller. When the pilot turns on the switches (makes an electrical contact) he must shout "Contact! Stand clear!"

17—No. It is the small, foot-square parachute that springs out to catch the air and pull out the main chute when the rip cord is pulled.

18—(1) Smoke blowing from chimneys or brush fires. (2) The sweep of ripples or waves on water. (3) The way trees bend before the wind; also the way their leaves turn up. A fourth is the direction cloud shadows move on the ground.

19—A seaplane or flying boat equipped with retractable landing gear for use on land.

20—In the United States on May 15, 1918, when the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, U. S. Army, inaugurated an "experimental" air-mail service between New York and Washington.

21—The perfect landing—as they all should be. It is so called because the three points (two wheels and tail skid) strike the ground simultaneously.

22—Amelia Earhart, on May 25, 1932, for her solo transatlantic flight to Ireland.

23—True vertical dive bombing is a product of the United States Navy, which is the only armed service in the world where this technique is employed. The Nazi Stukas don't come close to it either in speed or steepness of descent.

24—Out of every dollar taken in, 68 cents comes from passenger traffic, 30 cents for carrying the mail, and 2 cents from air-express shipments.

25—It is a parachute jump. A pilot bails out when all hope is gone—the "boat" is sinking.

26—Harriet Quimby, a Boston newspaperwoman. She flew from England to France in 1912, not so long after Bleriot made his pioneer Channel flight in 1909.

27—An informal organization whose members have all had to use the parachute to save their lives. It is named in honor of the silkworms who supply the raw material for parachutes.

28—George Washington. In 1792 President Washington sent a letter to the celebrated French aeronaut, François Blanchard, inviting him to make a balloon ascension in America, which began: "This is a license to fly. . . ."

29—Nothing "happens." When the motor sputters, or quits, the pilot merely glides to a landing. About the only thing that can happen to today's engine is to run out of gas.

30—What were formerly believed to be "pockets" are little currents of air that crisscross the atmosphere, particularly on hot gusty days. Now called "bumps," for that's what they feel like.

31—The de-icer is a rubber covering over the leading (or entering) edges of wing or tail controls. When atmospheric ice gathers on the front of the wing, air is pumped beneath the rubber, causing it to stretch and break the coating of ice, which then is blown away.

32—In 1919 the Post Office Department blazed the trail from New York to Chicago, via Cleveland. In 1925 the Kelly Air Mail Act turned the job over to private enterprise.

33—Definitely no. To them it means fog or low-flying clouds. It comes from the term "pea-soup fog"—which is most unappetizing.

34—It was the wartime name for a nonflying officer and is now generally applied to anybody on the fringe of aviation who is inclined to get full of himself. The real kiwi is a wingless bird inhabiting New Zealand.

35—The best cure is not to think about it. Modern air liners sail through choppy air without ever a tiny bump.

36—Ailerons give sidewise control or balance. They are narrow flaps hinged on the wings. To the Wright brothers goes the honor of the discovery—which made flying possible.

37—At Randolph Field, Texas (near San Antonio). Here Uncle Sam's army pilots are trained.

38—Nineteen, including engine men, radio men, instrument men, ship riggers, grease-balls, and porters.

39—None of the three. Airplane dope is cellulose nitrate, painted on fabric-covered planes to tighten the fabric and make it nonporous.

40—To maintain an atmospheric pressure equivalent to 8,000 feet above sea level inside the ship. The cabin supercharger consists of an air scoop which, at 180 mph., "packs" the pressure into the cabin.

"Gosh, this is an 1890 nickel, Uncle Looie! Is that the last time you changed a dollar?"

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL

By SAX ROHMER

AFTER gaining possession of a map which shows the possibility of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean, Fu Manchu vanishes from London, bound for America. It is his purpose to bottle up the American navy, if possible, and render it ineffective in World War II. Against her will but helpless under his uncanny power, he forces Ardatha, a beautiful girl, to go with him.

Close on his heels, three men pursue the sworn enemy of the white race: Sir Lionel Barton, famous Orientalist, from whom the map was stolen; Nayland Smith, the super-sleuth; and Bart Kerrigan, reporter-adventurer, who is in love with Ardatha and intent on saving her from the Chinaman.

Despite all of Fu Manchu's necromancy—the Snapping Fingers, a voodoo agency that drains blood from a human with ghastly speed, an invisible man whose presence can only be detected through the sound of padding footsteps, and a desiccated Peruvian chief's head that talks with the yellow wizard's voice—the three men escape his deadly designs and continue the chase to Panama, thence to Haiti. Occasionally, glimpses are caught of Ardatha; she gets word to Bart Kerrigan but soon disappears.

In Haiti, Smith and Kerrigan meet a Father Ambrose whose knowledge of voodoo proves to be invaluable to them. They are positive that Fu Manchu rules this cult and is in Haiti to carry out his submarine-base plot. Furthermore, they suspect that his daughter Koreâni, under the name of Mamaloi, is the voodoo queen!

Leaving Barton behind to rescue them by means of an airplane, if trapped, Smith and Kerrigan ascend the Magic Mountain with thousands of pilgrims for the ceremony of the Full Moon with all of its dark rites. Using acquired amulets, they manage to worm their way into the sacred precincts, pretending to be Arabs. Suddenly, dramatically, while the voodoo drums are beating and worshipers are ecstatic, Queen Mamaloi appears in the moonlight.

PART TEN—THE LIVING DEAD MEN

HER hair was hidden by a high jeweled headdress; jewels all but covered slim bare arms; a girdle resembling that seen in ancient Egyptian pictures, glittering with gems, hung from her waist. There, radiant in silver light from proud head to curving hips to little sandaled feet, I saw an ivory statue—a statue of Isis. The deep-toned drums entirely ceased to beat. Every man and every woman who gathered before the temple fell prone. A long queerly modulated phrase, a moaning sigh, passed like a breeze among the worshipers.

I was dumfounded, fascinated, swept for a moment into a mystic vortex which her presence had created. She stood no more than twenty paces away, wholly bathed in the radiance of the moon; and I looked,

Koreâni stood with uplifted arms. "She has asked them to pray for a sign from Damballa, the snake god," whispered Smith.

An amazing novel plunges into new, dark mysteries

as if hypnotized, into the brilliant jade-green eyes of Queen Mamaloi, the witchwoman, high priestess of voodoo . . . Koreâni, Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter!

Smith pulled me down. I lay prostrate before a sorceress!

His grasp on my arm warned me to be silent.

She spoke, in Haitian, in French, and in some other language which I had never heard spoken before (save by that voice which had announced her coming). But the sound of it seemed to act upon her listeners like a maddening drug. They moaned, cried out inarticulately; they gesticulated as they rose to their knees. Smith drew very near.

"The unknown tongue," he whispered; "the secret language of voodoo."

Her speech was accompanied by a subdued but passionate throbbing of unseen drums.

Frenzy grew upon her audience until some among the throng might have been said to have become possessed. They groaned, gnashed their teeth, contorted their bodies. Suddenly, in obedience to some command from the Queen Mamaloi, all drew themselves to their knees; faces buried in hands, they began to pray fervently. Koreâni, silent, statuesque, stood with uplifted arms.

"She has asked them to pray for a sign from Damballa, the snake god," whispered Smith. "I suspect that the real purpose of this ceremony is about to become evident."

But even he could not foresee the miracle which we were to witness. The drums became silent. A harsh guttural voice spoke. Smith's sudden grip on my arm made me wince. The opening words were unintelligible; but, following them, came a phrase in Haitian; finally, in French, the imperious voice declaimed:

"I, Damballa, have been called. I answer. I am here among you, but your blind eyes cannot see me. I come because there are traitors here, spies—those who work not for the glory of the African races but for gain to themselves. Tonight there shall be a great smelling-out. True men, stand fast. Spies—I shall find you! To me, my servants. Damballa speaks."

The jewel-laden ivory arms of Koreâni dropped to her sides. I saw her clenched hands. The Negro and Negress right and left of the painted doorway seemed to be stricken immobile. Stupefaction silenced every prayer. There was movement—then stillness, broken only by panting breaths. Although the speaker seemingly stood beside the high priestess, no one was there.

But the voice of Damballa was the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu!

THREE figures wearing hideous ritual masks and carrying torches came out from dense undergrowth on the left of the temple; three others appeared on the right. Finally, stalking into the torchlight from the direction of the barricade, there came a seventh, a herculean man, masked, robed, and carrying a glittering scimitar. The hush about us was electrical with suspense. Although I knew that he hurt me unconsciously, Smith's grip on my arm was as that of steel pincers.

"Touch and go, Kerrigan!" he hissed in my ear. "We are spotted!

Don't fight; it's hopeless. We can only trust—"

"The smelling-out begins!" cried that harsh voice. "Sons and daughters of Damballa, you are safe. . . ."

This phrase was repeated in Haitian, then in that incomprehensible language, the unknown tongue. Urged to his task by the bodiless voice, the giant sword-bearer began a sinister inspection. Frightened groups were huddled together within the stockade; I could hear chattering teeth. Other masks had appeared at the entrance. Retreat was cut off.

Every face was scrutinized. The voice seemed to speak from immediately beside the sword-bearer.

"But this is the same place you ran out of gas last week!"

Koreâni stood motionless as that ivory statue which she resembled.

Alternately sibilant and guttural, that uncanny voice muttered—muttered—in what language I could not make out. Then came one short sharp command. The scimitar shot out and touched a cowering Haitian. He shrieked so wildly that I thought the blow had been a mortal one. But his shriek was of fear. One of the masked torchmen sprang forward, grasped the selected man and hurled him into the open space before the temple. He fell and lay there quivering. A woman who had stood beside him moaned and collapsed. . . .

So the "smelling-out" began, and so it went on; until ten victims, women as well as men, stood, knelt, or lay in the open space. All about me were whispered prayers — and they were not voodoo prayers. The children of Damballa who had called upon their black god now prayed to the God of the Christians to exorcise him!

Many devotees had fainted after the seekers had passed. But Koreâni, proud, motionless, stood silent, her brilliant eyes widely opened.

The sword-bearer drew near with his hideous company.

"Remember," Smith whispered.

And now the muttering voice began to speak in English:

"I smell other enemies. . . . More light—more light!"

Torches were lifted before us.

"Ah—there!"

The scimitar flashed toward me. The voice of Dr. Fu Manchu had spoken from the left side of the sword-bearer, and I succumbed to a mad impulse.

I side-stepped, hauled away, and drove a straight right at the spot where the head of the speaker should have been!

Amazing to relate, it *was* there! I registered a glancing blow on an unmistakable human jaw . . . and I saw a *green hand* appear out of space!

A wild cry, and a crushing weight which seemed to descend upon my skull. . . .

OF my awakening, or rather my first awakening, I retain one vivid memory—a memory etched upon my brain. My head ached with a violence greater than I had ever experienced; coherent thought was impossible. I lay on a bunk in a small white cabin. I looked down upon forest-clad mountain slopes, ravines, and scattered dwellings; upon something resembling a colored relief map—and a map that swept up and then receded at an incredible speed. Just ahead and not far beneath, I saw a mighty building crowning a dizzy crest, a giant's castle, a fabulous structure towering up to the moon.

Almost as I saw it I found myself over it; and it was gone! But I knew that it was the Citadel, the impregnable fortress built by King Christophe, now deserted, shunned, save by the uneasy spirit of the Negro king. . . .

My second awakening afforded the discovery that the pain in my skull was almost gone and that a cool wet bandage surrounded my forehead. I was in bed, wearing silk pajamas which did not belong to me, in a scrupulously neat room—a room, as I determined after that first glance, in a hospital. No doubt that vision of the Citadel, of flying silently through space, had been delirium.

The door (it had neither handle nor keyhole) slid noiselessly open and a man came in who wore a long white linen coat, undoubtedly a doctor.

He paused for a moment, smiling with satisfaction to see me awake. He was an elderly man wearing a pointed grayish beard.

"Good morning, Mr. Kerrigan," he said in a pleasant light voice. "It would be superfluous to inquire if you feel better."

"Quite, doctor. Except for a certain drumming in my skull, I never felt better in my life."

"Well, you know"—he seated himself on the side of the bed, taking out a clinical thermometer from its case—"even a thick skull like yours is calculated to buzz a bit when struck hard with the flat of a heavy sword."

He took my temperature and nodded.

"Normal," he announced, as he went into an adjoining room which was evidently a bathroom.

I heard him rinsing the thermometer, and all the time I was thinking furiously: Where had I seen the doctor before? In some way the elusive memory was bound up with another—something to do with student days and also with the Royal Navy. It was as he came out again that I tied up the links . . . Peter Marriot Doughty, who was reading medicine and who had the rooms above mine; he was now in the navy; I had seen him off before I left for Finland. His father, a celebrated Harley Street consultant, had once had tea with Doughty and myself. . . .

Probably my change of expression was marked.

"Yes, Mr. Kerrigan — what is bothering you?"

"Am I addressing Dr. Marriot Doughty?"

"John Marriot Doughty, M. D., at your service."

Momentarily I closed my eyes, doubted my sanity. Clearly, now, I recalled the long obituary notices; remembered almost the exact words of my telegram of condolence to my friend. Dr. Marriot Doughty, his father, had died in the spring of 1937 — but this was Dr. Marriot Doughty who stood before me!

When I opened my eyes, John Marriot Doughty was smiling again.

"You remember me, Mr. Kerrigan? I once had the pleasure of taking tea in your rooms with my son."

Words failed me. I merely stared.

Since Dr. Marriot Doughty was indisputably dead, logically I must be dead also. Here was just such a passing-over as I had heard described at spiritualist meetings.

Undoubtedly I was dead. This was the Beyond.

Dr. Marriot Doughty's gaze held a deep compassion, but it was the compassion which belongs to greater knowledge.

"Mr. Kerrigan," he said, "I know what you are thinking; but you are not dead. You are very much alive."

I swung out of bed and stood up. A slight dizziness wore off almost immediately.

"Good," said Dr. Marriot Doughty. "When you are dressed I will come back and prescribe your breakfast."

He turned to go.

"Doctor!" He pulled up. "Where is Nayland Smith?"

"Mr. Kerrigan, I would gladly answer your question—if I knew the answer. I shall return in about twenty minutes."

"One moment! How long—"

"Have you been unconscious? Roughly, four days. . . ."

AS Marriot Doughty signaled to me to precede him, I found myself in a long corridor in which were many white doors, numbered like those in a hotel. An hour had elapsed.

"Some of the staff occupy this annex," he said. "It is new, and the apartments, as you have seen, are pleasant. My own quarters are in the main building near the research laboratories."

We came out into a large quadrangle, its tile paths bordered by palms. I saw that the place we had left resembled a row of bungalows joined together. In and out of various buildings men, most of them Haitians and wearing blue overalls, moved in orderly industry. I heard the hum of machinery. I turned to my guide.

"Where am I? What place is this?"

He smiled.

"Officially, it is the works of the San Damien Sisal Corporation. Geologically, it is the crater of a huge volcano, fortunately extinct. The best sisal in the world is cultivated and treated here."

"It appears to be most inaccessible."

"There is a small railway by which produce is sent out. The hemp is grown on the lower slopes behind you. Over a thousand workers are employed by the corporation."

So we chatted. There was nothing ominous, no trace of the sinister anywhere. But I was in the company of a living dead man—a zombi! Were all these workers zombis also?

Before the door of a house which looked older and which was of a character different from the others, my guide paused and pressed a bell.

"Here," he said, "I hand you over to Companion Horton, with a clean bill of health." The door was opened by a Haitian. "Tell the manager that Mr. Bart Kerrigan is here."

As the man stood aside to allow me to enter, Dr. Marriot Doughty nodded cheerily and turned away. The profoundly commonplace character of every one's behavior, that reference to "the manager," and now the businesslike office in which I found myself, began to frighten me. Companion Horton, a slow-spoken American, rose to greet me. Above his chair I noticed a photograph of a hemp plantation.

"You are very welcome, Mr. Kerrigan. Please sit down and smoke."

I sat down and accepted a cigarette which he proffered.

"Thanks — Mr. Horton, I presume?"

"James Ridgwell Horton — that's my name, sir; and I was born in Boston June 1, 1853—"

"Eighteen fifty-three!"

"Sure thing. I don't look my age, but then none of us does here."

"I don't think," I said, trying to speak very calmly, "that I follow."

"No? Well, that's too bad. May

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(from a letter by H. M., Continental, Ohio)
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BECAUSE MY FOUNTAIN PEN USED TO SPILL INK ALL OVER ME. BUT SINCE I LEARNED TO KEEP IT CLEAN WITH KLEENEX, MY TROUBLES ARE OVER.
(from a letter by H. J. P., Chicago, Ill.)
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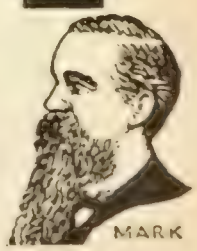

I take it you know that this is the headquarters of the Order of the Si Fan?"

I suppose I had known—for some time past; yet, bluntly stated, the fact made my heart wobble a little.

"Yes—I know."

"Just so; and you feel about it the way I felt twenty years ago. To you, the Si Fan is, plain and simple, a Black Hand gang, an underworld ramp, a bunch of professional crooks. I thought so once." He stood up. "If you will please come this way."

He opened a door and invited me to follow. And now, as I walked along an uncarpeted and dimly lighted corridor by his side, a ghastly explanation of his presence there occurred to me . . . he was dead!

I was in the company of a zombi; a soulless intelligence; a robot controlled by a master wizard.

Before an arched opening a green light was burning. Even as Horton stopped, a swift sensation as of momentary dropping of temperature, warned me of the identity of him to *whom* I was being conducted. He touched a button, and a heavy paneled door slid open. On its threshold stood Hassan, the white Nubian!

"Mr. Kerrigan is expected," said Horton, and Hassan stood aside.

I went in, and the heavy door closed behind me. But the appearance of Hassan had gone far to revive my waning courage. Did it mean that Ardatha was here?

The place was a lobby, lighted by a square silk lantern and pervaded by a curious perfume. Another door was beyond.

"Wait, please."

Hassan opened the farther door, stepped in and immediately came out again, indicating with a movement of one huge muscular hand that I should enter. Clenching my teeth, I went into a small library. The only illumination was provided by a globular lamp on a square black pedestal set on a large desk. Upon this desk lay a number of books and papers and other objects.

For, seated behind the desk in a grotesquely carved ebony chair, was Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .

HE wore a white linen coat similar to that worn by Dr. Marriot Doughty; on his head was a black skullcap. He glanced at me as I entered—and I avoided his glance.

"Be seated, Mr. Kerrigan. You have not failed to note contusion and a slight abrasion in the neighborhood of my left maxillary muscle. Had your very forceful blow struck me on the bone structure, I fear the damage might have been serious."

As I sat down facing him, I ventured to look. His left jaw was bruised and cut. Sudden hot resentment—resentment of all he stood for—inspired me; but:

"A long cherished ambition is realized," I said. "At least I have hit you once."

He toyed with a jade snuffbox which lay upon the desk; his disconcerting eyes grew filmed. That sensitive hand, with its long fingernails, fascinated me.

"I bear no malice, Mr. Kerrigan. I welcome you. I absorb, gladly, all that is useful in the animal kingdom."

His voice, as always, was acting upon me like a drug.

"You have met some of the Companions whom you believe to be dead. No doubt you have studied the tradition of the zombi—a tradition which persists in Haiti. Persistent traditions always rest on fact. It was exactly sixty years ago today that I devoted myself to a close examination of this subject."

During the weeks that had elapsed since I had faced Dr. Fu Manchu in that underground laboratory beside the Thames, a marked change had taken place in him: then I had thought him dying; now he was restored to his supernormal self.

"These hapless creatures are not—as superficial observers have supposed—a kind of vampire, a corpse reanimated by sorcery; they are the products of a form of slow poisoning which induces catalepsy. When buried, they are not in fact dead. The voodoo man disinters them and bends them to his purpose. They have no conscious identity; they remain slaves of his will."

Opening the jade box, he raised a pinch of snuff to his nostrils.

"After researches, I discovered the nature of the drugs used and the manner of their administration. The process was known to the priests of Thebes."

His voice rose. His brilliant green eyes, fully opened, revealed momentarily the mad fanaticism which inspired him. I had a glimpse of that terrifying genius which more than once had shaken strong governments.

"I determined, Mr. Kerrigan, to establish a corner in brains. I secured a notable collection of first-class brains. My conquest of that age-old mystery, the *elixir vitae*, enabled me to arrest senility in suitable cases—as, for example, in my own."

He stood up and, stepping to a door recessed between bookcases, pressed a button. The door slid open.

"Since you are to remain with us, I shall give you an opportunity of judging of our labors before any decision is demanded of you."

A man came in, a young man who had an untidy mop of dark-brown hair and very steadfast hazel eyes.

"Companion Allington," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "this is Mr. Bart Kerrigan. As you are of about one age, I thought he might appreciate your company as guide. You may show him anything that he wishes to see."

"Delighted, Mr. Kerrigan, and much obliged to you, sir."

As I followed my new acquaintance along a short passage and out into a tree-shaded courtyard, I thought that he had used just the words and just the tone of one speaking to his commanding officer.

DO you mean that you are Squadron Leader Allington?"

"Well, I used to be," said Allington, grinning cheerfully. "Only regret I'm out of the service, because I'm missing the gorgeous show in France."

"You held the Royal Air Force altitude record."

"Yes—for a time. Then I tried to be too clever on a nonstop flight and crashed in the Timor Sea. Remember?"

"Well—I remember you were missing. Were you—"

I hesitated, looking almost furtively into those smiling eyes.

"Killed? Oh, no! I'm not one of the *conscripts;* I'm a volunteer!"

He laughed gaily, grasping my arm and leading me in the direction of a long low building on the right. But his reference to "the conscripts" had turned me cold.

"Do you mean that you voluntarily joined the—"

"The Si Fan? Yes, rather. So will you when the time comes. I was picked up by a steamer which happened to belong to them, you see. You have a lot to learn yet, Kerrigan. Whatever your job may be, this is the most wonderful service in the world."

He selected a key from a number attached to a chain and opened the door of what I assumed to be one of a range of garages. If there had never been a Führer or a Duce—one who had persuaded an entire nation to believe in his godlike mission—I should have been unable to trust my senses, to credit my reason; but what such men could do, certainly Dr. Fu Manchu could improve upon.

"Here we are," said Allington, wheeling the wide doors apart. "You've got to see my taxis first, whether you want to or not!"

I found myself to be in a place resembling a long garage. Some twenty machines were there in line. At first sight they looked like small monoplanes: further inspection led to confusion. Squadron Leader Allington laughed.

"Screams, aren't they?" he cried. "No undercarriage, no propeller! And"—he tapped my shoulder knowingly—"how do you suppose we get 'em into the air?"

It was a poser. There was no airfield outside, no runway.

"Look!"

He moved a lever. That section of

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

by Theodore Roosevelt

There are four stout pillars that bear the worth and the weight of our American republic.

They are free speech, free press, religious tolerance, and the rights of minorities. Destroy one of these and the whole structure crumbles.

They can only be preserved as long as the cleansing fire of idealism and a willingness to sacrifice therefor burns in our people.

roof immediately above the machine which I had been inspecting swung open. I saw the sky.

"Straight up, Kerrigan! Even a hawk needs a take-off, but these birds rise straight from their heels. These things take the air as silently as owls. One could start from a bowling green and alight on a billiard table. Once afloat, propulsion is obtained from Ericksen waves—"

"But the Ericksen wave—"

"Disintegrated? I agree—if so directed. But as fitted to the Bats (that is our own name for these small planes) it enables the pilot to 'tune in' to a suitable wave length, as one does with a radio set, and to pick up from it all the power he needs to develop anything up to three hundred miles an hour. There are larger models, of course, which can do more. I had the pleasure of bringing you here in one from the jamboree at Morne la Selle."

It was dawning upon my mind that I was acquiring knowledge which I should never live to use; part, at least, of the mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu's secret journeys was explained.

"The whole outfit is silent as a radio set; in fact it is broadly operated on the same principle, except that the energy is converted. I would give you a trial spin, but I have no instructions. Some other time . . ."

WHEN he had partially exhausted his enthusiasm for this, his pet subject (I gathered he was chief pilot), I asked him a question which had been in my mind throughout:

"Aren't there—urges to return to your former friends?"

His mouth twisted wryly.

"At first—yes; lots. I believe there have been cases where unwilling workers have been allowed to go. We have Professor Richner here—"

"But Professor Richner—"

"Is dead, you mean? My dear Kerrigan, every soul on the Headquarters Staff (I refer to the officers) is legally dead! *I* am legally dead—we are all dead. But in those rare cases I have mentioned, Companion Richner has prescribed and one of the Doctor's medical staff has dealt with the case. A painless injection and the patient returns to the world with a blind spot in his memory. He can tell his friends nothing; he remembers nothing. Do you see?"

I saw. Ardatha had had such a "painless injection."

"When, as it were, normally one goes on leave—well, it is merely necessary to avoid old haunts and, if caught up, to stick to the new identity; profess ignorance and say, 'Sorry, you must be mistaken.'"

"But then you elect to stay under these conditions and there are pulls to your old life?"

We were walking along a path which evidently led back to the main quadrangle, and Allington grabbed my arm in his impulsive way.

"In my own case, as no doubt it would be in yours, the pull was a girl. I was crazy about her. All the same,

INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

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Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality. How wonderful he must feel to realize at last he may be able to say good-bye to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul, and as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?' he asked, 'they did wonders for me.'"

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In fifteen minutes your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

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Leopold Aul
1505 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

• • • •

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case. I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.

Mrs. Oliver Roylance
R.D. No. 1, Waterford, N. Y.

• • • •

Upon receiving my Cascade I followed directions closely. I have used it for a little over a month and have already found it to be very helpful. I wish every person who is being troubled with constipation could afford to own a Cascade. To me it is a big asset. It is helping me and I know it would help them.

Mr. Edward G. Turnau
215 Irving Street, Toledo, Ohio

• • • •

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J.B.L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.

Mrs. Roy Brown, c/o A. Fiske
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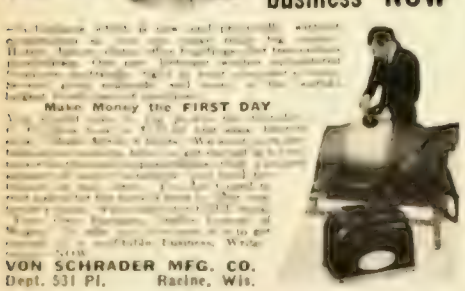

VON SCHRADER MFG. CO.
Dept. 531 PI. Racine, Wis.

I consented to see Richner and I submitted to the injection he prescribed."

"What occurred?"

"Well—it was a good deal like recovering from a tropical fever! I saw Joan—she is one of the many Joans—in correct perspective. I realized, for the first time, that she had most irritating mannerisms, and that although her figure was good, her complexion was dreadful! It became clear to me, Kerrigan, that there are millions of pretty women in the world and that a Companion of the Si Fan has a wide field of choice."

I was silent for a while. My feelings about Squadron Leader Allington underwent a swift change.

I understood . . . and that first moment of understanding was a shattering moment. It became evident to me why Marriot Doughty, Horton, and Allington—men, in their normal lives, honorable, above reproach—now embraced the ideals of the Si Fan wholeheartedly, unquestioningly. They were truly zombis; slaves of a master physician. Better death than the "painless injection"!

Perhaps Nayland Smith was already dead—perhaps I was alone in this head office of hell!

ALLINGTON left me in my new quarters. The number on my door was 13, and I disliked the omen. I had seen so many things which transcended what hitherto I had regarded as natural laws that I was bewildered. There was a well stocked buffet in the small sitting room and I was about to take a drink when I paused, glass in hand.

The power of the Si Fan was appalling; I was afraid to think about it. . . . Four days—I had been here for four days. . . .

I set the glass down. Even as I did so, I knew that I flattered myself; for Dr. Fu Manchu would not go to so much trouble about a mere journalist. . . . A corner in brains? I had seen but a small part of what this meant, but already I was appalled. The fate not only of the United States but of the world hung in the balance. . . . I turned swiftly. Some one had opened my door.

Dr. Marriot Doughty came in.

"You're very jumpy, Kerrigan," he said professionally. "I was anxious to see how you had taken your first tour of headquarters. If you are going to have a whisky-and-soda, may I join you? It's an allowance, you know, and not deducted from pay!"

Reassured, I served out two drinks.

"You know," said the physician, "I have got to get your blood stream clean. Yours is one of those cases that put me on my mettle. You consulted Partridge in London, you told me. Between ourselves, Partridge is an old fool. I'll have you fit inside a month."

"What does it matter!"

"Oh! Feeling like that about it? Well, well—I passed through that phase myself. When I 'died' it was Partridge who signed my death certificate! I was *conscious* all the time, Kerrigan."

"Great heavens!"

"I knew that I was a case of catalepsy; I knew that Partridge had failed to make the proper tests. I wondered how long the agony would last—"

"How long *did* it last?"

"I was exhumed the same night! I believe the watchman had been drugged. The fellows who hauled me out were Asiatics: they belong to a special guild and do no other work. My coffin was replaced and the tomb resealed. A smart job. They hoisted me over a wall into a waiting car, and I was rushed to a house in Cadogan Square. A very competent Japanese surgeon gave an injection—and I was a living man again!"

John Marriot Doughty finished his whisky-and-soda and stood up.

"I have been sent to take you to a second interview with the Doctor."

"Why? . . . Does this mean that I have to make a decision—at once?"

"My dear Kerrigan, only the Doctor knows that."

Once more I walked along a tiled palm-bordered path across the big quadrangle; once more Marriot Doughty rang a bell. This time, for it was a different door, Hassan the Nubian opened. I was conducted straight to the room of Dr. Fu Manchu.

He sat behind the big desk.

"Be seated, Mr. Kerrigan."

I was fighting for self-mastery. Some great ordeal pended.

"You have had an opportunity to glance over some of the work being done here. I would not hurry you. Clearly, you apprehend that my design is to force a decision. Mr. Kerrigan, you must correct your perspective: you are not of sufficient value to the Si Fan to justify your extravagant egoism. I could bind you to me now, if I wished; I could kill you by merely depressing a switch. Search your memory."

That harsh guttural voice was mastering me, as always it had mastered me.

"What do you wish me to remember?"

"Two things. The first, that I have never broken my word; the second, that I promised to restore Ardatha to complete freedom."

And as he spoke a sort of violet haze seemed to obstruct my vision. I saw the pit yawning before me, the trap set for my feet. I knew that when I chose the path—death or service to Dr. Fu Manchu—I should make no free choice.

He pressed a button. A door opened silently.

Ardatha came in.

What will be the price of Ardatha's freedom? Is Bart Kerrigan prepared to pay it—and can he escape it if he would? Does Fu Manchu hold all of the trump cards in this fearful game? Will next week's Liberty reveal any ace in the hole for the captives? Order your copy now and see!

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

The ubiquitous Miss Lamour reveals, in two films, her versatile charm

Dorothy Lamour is a café singer in Moon Over Burma and (in circle) a bareback rider in Chad Hanna.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ CHAD HANNA

THE PLAYERS: Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Linda Darnell, John Carradine, Guy Kibbee, Jane Darwell, Roscoe Ates, Ted North, Olin Howland, Ben Carter, Sarah Padden, Eddie Conrad, Edward McWade, Edward Mundy, George Davis, Paul Burns, Frank Thomas. Screen story by Nunnally Johnson based on Walter D. Edmonds' novel. Directed by Henry King. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 88 minutes.

WALTER D. EDMONDS wrote a simple romantic yarn of a traveling circus in the '40s. The background is the Mohawk River country of mid-New York State. The story itself concerns an earnest inarticulate farm lad, Chad, and the beaten underfed little girl of a drab Canastota shack. They both run away to join the shabby little wagon show with the grandiloquent name of Huguenine's One and Only International Circus. Chad thinks himself in love with the steely, flashy Albany Yates, bareback rider known to the barn-

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
The LION'S ROAR

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The greatest star of the screen!

Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

★ ★ ★ ★

She was Rich, Rare and Racy. The 3R's

★ ★ ★ ★

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

★ ★ ★ ★

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

★ ★ ★ ★

They were all Handsome. The 3H's

★ ★ ★ ★

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

★ ★ ★ ★

They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Filadelphia. The 3F's

★ ★ ★ ★

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

★ ★ ★ ★

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.

Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now there are many plus values—think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

For example—in fact, for six examples—Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

★ ★ ★ ★

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents—

SH-H-H!

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Philadelphia Story"

—Leo

Another *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* advertisement for "The Philadelphia Story" appears on page 2[illegible]

New!

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From the world famous laboratories that gave you Vicks VapoRub comes a new Inhaler that is no larger than your little finger and packed with effective medication.

If your nose gets uncomfortably stuffed up from a cold, from dust or bad air, just carry this new Vicks Inhaler in your pocket or purse. Take a few "whiffs" whenever needed. You'll like—and enjoy—the way it makes your nose feel clearer!

For greater breathing comfort make this new Vicks Inhaler your day-long companion. Use it as often as needed.

By Makers of Vicks VapoRub

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Mrs. Grace Blanchard had an IDEA for a story. She [illegible] It was her first story. WHERE TO SEND IT. She got a substantial check THE FIRST TIME OUT. That is a THRILL [illegible] Let 25 years of experience guide YOU. Endorsed by Jack London.

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side posters as Lady Lillian; ends up by marrying the pretty little girl who ran away, like himself, to escape drab reality.

Director Henry King has managed to give warmth and a picturesque flavor to the story. Henry Fonda is excellent (even has a glint of humor) as the farm boy turned ringmaster. Dorothy Lamour manages to be colorful in the slender role of Albany. Linda Darnell makes the most of the little kitchen drab transformed into a circus butterfly. Filmed in technicolor, this possesses a pleasant historical glow of the days when Indians still stood around street corners watching the leisurely traffic.

VITAL STATISTICS: All of the film was shot within fifty miles of Hollywood. Yet most of the company traveled a total of 4,000 miles to and from locations. The forty days of shooting carried the players to the Rindge Ranch in the San Fernando Valley and Santa Monica Mountains. Two months before shooting started the studio planted barley in the eight acres where the circus was to pitch its tent. This to attain the right upper New York State flavor. Director King himself covered 6,000 miles. Before starting he made an aerial reconnaissance of the Erie Canal locale of the story; upon his return made a plane survey of near-by sites matching those of New York State. Also he made an aerial barnstorming flight, to discuss the film with theater men across the United States. King owns his own plane, has flown 400,000 miles, mostly in search of locations. . . . Some ten years ago, when he was unknown, Henry Fonda worked out an elaborate clown act with another unknown named James Stewart. The Ringling Circus management looked it over, turned it down. . . . Linda Darnell had never been on a horse before this film. After the first shots she did her close-ups from a wheel chair, not visible to the cameras. Linda worked mornings in The Californian, afternoons in this.

★★ MOON OVER BURMA

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, Preston Foster, Doris Nolan, Albert Basserman, Frederic Worlock, Addison Richards, Harry Allen, Frank Lackteen, Stanley Price. Screen play by Frank Wead, W. P. Lipscomb, and Harry Clork based on a story by Wilson Collison. Directed by Louis King. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 76 minutes.

THIS is Dorothy Lamour week. Here she is an entertainer from Brooklyn, at the moment posing as Spanish and amusing the motley customers of a Rangoon café with her songs. Two operators of a teak-logging business, Americans and pals, drop in—and one of them takes Arla Dean (that's Lamour) with him back to the teak compound. There she wins the hearts of both boys, who are trying to save their blind partner from ruin, brought about by mysterious sabotage.

Lamour never gets into a sarong, since it's Burma, but she does don a revealing play suit. A nasty old cobra almost gets her and the boys have a narrow escape when sabotage sends a log jam whirling down upon them. It's all obviously manufactured melodrama, but there's Dotty Lamour, along with Preston Foster and Robert Preston as hard-boiled teakwood buddies.

VITAL STATISTICS: In case you care, there's a record at a Chicago radio station, date 1932, of one Mary Leta Lambour trying for a job. Says the record: "Not recommended. Bad style as singer. Didn't even try as an actress. Doubtful prospect." That was Dotty Lamour just eight years ago. . . . Those elephants were hired for three months from the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. . . . That cobra is genuine, the property of a lady herpetologist, Grace Wiley. Herpetology, by the way, is the only uncrowded Hollywood profession. . . . Director Louis King had trouble getting the Burmese natives to register the proper amount of horrified shock at Dotty in her sun suit. Can you blame 'em? Dotty, by the way, cut her long black hair for this film. . . . Bob Preston was born in Massachusetts, raised in Los Angeles; was noticed by a lawyer of Paramount's legal department while he was with a Coast stock company. A screen test brought small roles. You know the rest.

Short Review:

LITTLE MEN (RKO Radio). Louisa May Alcott has been dead these fifty years. So she cannot be touched by the wreckage done to her tale by Hollywood. Two characters, a patent-medicine swindler and a safeblower, have been added to the story, which has in its cast Jack Oakie and Kay Francis. Dull, completely lacking in the Alcott mood. Maybe Elsie, the prize cow, is contented, but nobody else should be. (84 minutes.)

GABRIEL HEATTER

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Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis / St. Paul	KSTP 10:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.		
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	New York	WOR 8:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	San Antonio	KABC 8:00 C.S.T.
Fort Worth	KFJZ 8:00 C.S.T.	St. Louis	KWK 9:00 C.S.T.
Houston	KXYZ 8:00 C.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.
Kansas City	WREN 10:00 C.S.T.		
Los Angeles	KHJ 7:00 P.S.T.	San Diego	KGB 7:00 P.S.T.
San Francisco	KFRC 7:00 P.S.T.	Santa Barbara	KDB 7:00 P.S.T.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

SO alert to civic duty is womankind in the United States that members of many a ladies' bridge club, many a knitting club, many a sewing circle now have themselves fingerprinted in a body. They invite the nearest police department to assign a fingerprint man to one of their club meetings. He brings his ink pads, his blank classification cards, etc., and after his work is done I guess maybe he stays for refreshments. Anyhow, the girls all get fingerprinted together, then the impressions of their dainty digits go permanently on file among those of nearly three million noncriminal volunteers recorded at Washington's Identification Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. . . . B. Edwin Sackett, F. B. I. chief for New York, tells me there's no compulsion about it for law-abiding citizens; that the service is absolutely free if you want it (don't let any slicker *charge* you for it); and that it can be of immeasurable value in cases of lost memory, kidnaping, or other accidental disappearance. Almost all people of wealth now have themselves, their families, and their servants fingerprinted. Many hunters and fishermen who seek game in remote places take this precaution. I asked Mr. Sackett if women's fingerprints differ from men's in any essential way. He said they don't, except for the fact that women's fingers usually are smaller. Lots of ladies still believe character can be read from fingerprints, something like palmistry, but that's not true. Your fingerprints never show *what* you are—they show *who* you are—and their intricate skin patterns of tiny whorls and loops and ridges remain unchanged through your entire life from rubber pants to lavender and old lace.

☆ Have you heard about the *Missionary Mailbag*—radio letters sent out every Sunday, from San Francisco, by relatives or friends of American missionaries war-stranded in the Orient, in Africa, in the South Seas? This seems to me to be one of the high triumphs of modern communication. Americans lost from the world we know, risking their lives to represent our God on alien continents livid with death and terror, are kept *in touch once* a week with their own folk here at home. General Electric's short-wave station, KGEI, does this magnificent job.

It would tear your heart to shreds if you knew the personal tragedy of some of the messages transmitted. . . . "Mother spoke last of you. . . . We will meet the children at the boat. . . . Let us know where you are — whenever you can."

☆ *For winter bridge parties try* this *Brazilian Mocha Drink* as a change from ordinary hot coffee or chocolate. . . . To make 8 cups, put 4 squares *unsweetened chocolate* in double boiler with 1 pint strong black coffee. Stir until chocolate and coffee are smoothly blended, then gradually add 6 cups milk, 6 tablespoons sugar, a pinch of salt. When very hot, beat frothy with egg beater. Serve each cup topped with whipped cream and a sprinkle of cinnamon.

☆ Even bankers are autograph fans. The other day Metropolitan Opera star Ezio Pinza sat at his desk signing a big batch of letters and photos for his admirers. He signed them all, "With cordial greetings, Ezio Pinza." His secretary handed over a Guaranty Trust Company check to be endorsed. In his stride, Ezio went right on greeting cordially without looking. Next day the bank called up to thank him personally for his autograph.

☆ Amateur song writers send me manuscripts asking for advice, and I never know what to say. Now I can recommend a practical book, How to Make a Million Dollars Writing Songs, by Frankie Sabas. You needn't take the title too seriously. (Published by Fortuny's. $1.)

☆ "Go ahead, grandma." . . . These words, yelled at her by a kindly taximan as she was crossing the street, have brought a lady of my acquaintance to a wise decision. In youth a blazing redhead, she has tinted her hair for years, much to her bother and expense. Now she says, "Since I *know*, from that taximan, that I look grandmotherly, I'm going to save time and money by letting my hair go gray. What a relief! And what's more, I think gray hair may be becoming to me." . . . Three cheers for the indomitable pride of a pretty woman!

"How silly! Two men fighting over another man."

☆ January's the month when most women buy *home fresheners*—new things for the house. Let me suggest a few: Newest sheets, woven damask-style border, with appliqué monogram of flowered chintz, or patriotic blue with red-on-white monogram. . . . Gaudy kerchiefs from Switzerland for new pillow covers. . . . Regency table mirror, lyre-shaped, mahogany and gold; extra smart. . . . Crystal Toby jug for the children's breakfast milk. . . . Sentinel lamp and book ends of gleaming brass, uniformed in scarlet or blue to watch the ramparts of your library.

MELODY'S

TAKE William Saroyan. Add a generous helping of Barnum. Mix with equal parts Richard Strauss and Oscar Levant. Stir well with a syncopated beat. The result: Raymond Scott, the Gertrude Stein of Dada Jazz, warden of a new dance orchestra, and name on the label of two dozen madly titled, wacky-sounding disks.

Jazz pundits predict he will be 1941's number one dance-band sensation. He isn't so certain. Says it might be 1942. But certainly this Scott—Great Scott, to the Columbia Recording Company—one time Harry Warnow, who chose his professional name out of a phone book, is a press agent's natural.

He believes in exercising his mental muscles by doing unusual things. He suggests spoons in tones, does musical portraits of cows, fences, weeds, wrote a study on the feel of a thimble, a coin, the telephone. Overhearing a conversation about a bass player who enjoyed visiting undertaking establishments, he immediately penned A Bass Player's Pleasure at Hearing Nothing in a Morgue. He set Hollywood's hills to music by drawing their contour on the five-line staff and filling in notes on the outline. Jazz without a beat is his latest hobby. When asked what kind of rhythm it would have, he replied: "I don't know *yet*."

He owns a loud-speaker so large a shed had to be built to house it. In winter Scott wants girls to dance to his music swathed in rich fat furs, and their escorts to wear mahogany canes and wooden shoes. "That all helps the acoustics, absorbs the reverberations, makes the music crisp and solid, instead of boom-y and echo-y." He claims his best inspirations come to him on the Bronx Park Express when it roars into Times Square.

When he was a bachelor he spent his spare hours dialing numbers and asking for Rose. "You'd be surprised," he says, "how many times some one by the name of Rose came to the phone. I'd talk for a while and then ask if I could see the young lady. But they were all respectable and wouldn't take chances with a stranger. Finally, one day I was at a party and heard a group of people talking about a girl they knew. She sounded like my type, so I found out her telephone number, and the next day dialed her. I knew then I had to change my technique. 'You can't hang up,' I said. 'Why not?' she wanted to know. I switched on a recording I'd made of our conversation. When she heard it, I couldn't get her to hang up."

That was their introduction, and at last Raymond Scott succeeded in seeing the unknown lady on the other end of the telephone. After a walk in Brooklyn's Prospect Park they were married. "She's the one woman in five billion who could be married to me!" explains Scott. "She was brought up on the music of the Slumber Hour program."

In addition to settling back in cabs, giving the driver his phone number instead of his address and telling him to look it up in the book, to demanding that his stooges do something at least once a month to make him laugh, to scribbling Pretty Little Petticoat when asked for his autograph, he is reported to have been ejected from a Hollywood apartment hotel for insisting that his new maroon automobile be hoisted into the living room.

A cartoonist claimed that when writing scores he wears a cap *once owned by Mozart*. Interviews with him are frequently reported in the third person. "Raymond Scott," he pontificates, "can discuss his music more freely that way.

"Scott," says Scott, "is deeply interested in acoustical engineering. He studied engineering before he took up music. Now he makes experiments in tone. Creation, you know, is experiment plus the taste and understanding to know when you have got something. But none of Raymond Scott's pieces is written by himself, really. He doesn't compose notes—he composes sound-tone variations, and he has never found a way of indicating them on paper. To him, music is not a lot of notes written on paper. It's the way you play them.

"He has his musicians around him, and as a phrase for a certain instrument—say, the trumpet—occurs to him, he plays it on the piano until the trumpeter can repeat it properly. He does that with each instrument. Then, when the whole group has the thing down, it's recorded. Sometimes fifty, sixty records are made before one is O. K. Then somebody copies it from the record and the piece is published."

A Scott rehearsal finds Scott driving his men like a drill sergeant. He makes them work until they drop. Unreasonable, demanding, he's petty about details. In his quiet, inconsiderate way, he drives his musicians to desperation. They don't like to work for him: only four are left from the group he had six months ago.

Words are very important to him. "Words have sound," he says, "particularly names. I gave my advance agent the name of Susan Spratt—because that stops people. Take a trombone player whose name was Steve Smith. Now you don't call a man Smith when he plays a trombone with an open liquid tone the way Steve did. So I called him Owen Truex. Sometimes I even change my own name—to myself, of course—when I'm writing something that just doesn't sound as if it would be written 'by Raymond Scott.' What's funny about that? Think how perfectly the name Chopin fits his music. The whole thing would be ruined if the Nocturnes had a name like Joe Glutz on their title sheet."

Titles are Mr. Scott's stock in trade. Nocturnes, symphony, opus ten, concerto, symphonic poem, are too tame for him. He prefers: Duet for Pistol and Piano, Love Song to a Microphone, Reckless Night on Board an Ocean Liner, Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals, Swing, Swing Dear Mother-in-Law, On Gazing into the Inner Recesses of an Old Beer Bottle, Business Men's Bounce, Huckleberry Duck, Consternation of a Cab Driver on Meeting Up with a Fare, Siberian Sleigh Ride, Yesterday's Ice Cubes—any of which might well have originated in the composition class of your county insane asylum. What made Scott think of them he doesn't know. "Invite your readers to tell me why I call my theme Pretty Little Petticoat," he barks. "I've forgotten."

HE's made a record of everything he ever breathed. He was inventive and interested in acoustics when he was a kid. He always hit everything in sight, dropped books, ash trays, knives, lump sugar to hear the sound. At nine he was so mood-conscious he arranged special lighting effects and practiced his scales in red, blue, green, and orange rooms. It took him six and a half years to graduate from high school because he was busy experimenting in the school's radio laboratory.

When he organized his new band and moved into the Sherman Hotel's Panther Room last August, all this—plus his experiments at Columbia Broadcasting and in Hollywood—helped. Moreover, he had earned several fortunes. His tunes were hits. Shirley Temple had taken his Toy Trumpet around the globe. He could command what he wanted. He was willing and able to pay for a band that could play sweet, swing, and Scott—Down Beat calls it "huckleberry" music. He set out to perfect the most remarkable orchestral machine in existence: a precision device, inspired, graceful, but most

SCREWBALL

The blithe, true saga of Raymond Scott: Will he be 1941's No. 1 music maker?

BY CARLETON SMITH

f all slightly "loused up"—or, as e says, "spoiled—not perfect like Kostelanetz's."

For six months he visited bands round the New York area, sitting nd listening. "Scott wanted to find ut exactly what tempos got the eople on the floor to dance," he says. Some of my music for the Quintet as popular, but it was for listening, ot for dancing. A band must satisfy oth requirements."

Upstairs, he has an engineer record hat his band plays. Next day, while e showers and shaves, he plays the ecords over to catch details he might ave missed in the excitement of acing a floor full of dancers. He is ot satisfied with the results so far. "Our brass isn't right yet," he says, "but it is on its way. All musicians must be kept on their toes. When I audition a guy, I ask him what kind of music he hates most. Then I tell him to play it. If he has control and skill enough to do that—and do it well—he is for me."

He's still changing vocalists and experimenting with loud-speakers. "My idea is to have the vocalist sound as if she were whispering into the ear of every one in the room." To announce the titles of his tunes, he has descriptive cartoon slides drawn and flashed on a screen.

Meeting Scott, you're surprised. Thickset, stubby, swarthy, his chief trait is his adolescence. At moments he's neither aware of himself nor aware of the world. He's no windbag. Nor does he act like a mad screwball. He doesn't smoke or drink. He smiles seldom and often runs his hands through his shock of upstanding hair. If there's a piano around, he punctuates his remarks with chords. Brooklyn-born, he gives off that same eerie, out-of-the-world charm found in the Dodgers.

He thinks he's a genius, takes himself seriously, and is not affected by the criticism of jazz purists who say his music is full of razzle-dazzle, has too much hipper-dipper stuff.

His reputation as an eccentric annoys him. He claims he's changing, becoming less absent-minded. He says he doesn't give cab drivers his telephone number instead of his address, nor does he park his automobile in his apartment. "I tell people I do things like that and they believe me," he confesses. "Actually, I spend about ninety-eight per cent of my time thinking of music and two per cent relaxing and letting my mind run away with me."

His chief diversion is memory driving. He admits that after he makes a sharp turn he often goes back four or five times until he can drive around it with his eyes closed. He makes the men in his band do the same things with their parts. He likes them to be able to play in the dark. "The best thing we do now," says Scott, "is silent music. . . . It's demonstrated in our ten-minute version of Tuxedo Junction, five minutes of which are completely silent. But *what* silence!! Suddenly you become aware that we aren't playing, but you hear us. The aural memory of the music plus the boys' suggestive visual movements does it. It's *silent* music."

That sounds good but a little dubious. Mr. Scott isn't really as extraordinary as he'd like us to believe. His whimsy is that of a Messerschmitt and he enjoys putting on an act. But really he's a shrewd business executive operating a successful record company and a music-publishing firm as well as owning a band. It's merely that he has found it good business to be known as a screwball and to live up to the wacky quality in his music.

THE END

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE bellboy put the key in the lock of the hotel room door.

"Look, Bruce, the number of our room: 1936. That was the year we were married. Remember?"

Her little eager fox face turned up to him, but he was paying the bellboy a dime, and he didn't hear. He never heard any more. He hadn't heard in a long time.

"Oh, Bruce, you really are lovely to do this!"

He went to the window and stood, his heavy-shouldered back turned toward her, looking down the long court, way to the street below. He said, "I thought you'd like it, baby."

Her large, starved eyes admired him. All the love in the world was in them. "I haven't had a holiday in I don't know *when*. Stuck out there in Montclair, with you away months at a time. And now, all on your own, to think of bringing me here! And not just a room, but a suite. Why, Bruce, I—I'm so happy."

His face turned to her with brilliant green eyes under their heavy eyebrows and carved mouth that turned down when he smiled. "Calm down, baby. How about us having a drink?"

When the waiter brought the shaker of Martinis, she gave a toast: "To us."

He drank his hurriedly and had another.

"Now, baby, look." He hesitated. "Anything like this — it's always hard to say. But—1936—you said we were married. That's a long time for two people to be together."

She said, "There wasn't much of that time we were together, Bruce."

"Well that's it, Elsie. See? What I thought, we'd spend this swell week-end, do everything, and call it quits. I've been a heel. I know it. Well, it's time you had a chance. If I was to leave you, you could find some one that would take care of you and—"

"Bruce!" She stood up, her slight figure stiff, her hands shaking. "I've stood these four years, Bruce, because I love you. Because you mean more to me than life itself."

He said unhappily, "But, Elsie, we just can't go on like this. I think you're a nice kid and all, but I never said I loved you. You know that."

"I know, Bruce. I never expected that from any one like you. But I can't let you go."

He said desperately, "But you've *got* to, Elsie! I want to marry some one else."

She stood looking at him out of her great big eyes like a sleepwalker.

"Come on, kid, we'll finish the drinks—like in that song Thanks for the Memory."

"Yes." Her eyes were bright. She came toward the table. "Gallant, you mean. Brave. No tears."

He filled her glass. "You're a peach, Elsie."

She got a cigarette from the table, cluttered with her purse and the drinks and the key to the room and his cigarette case. He lit her cigarette and she went to the open window. She raised her glass.

"To gallantry, Bruce." Her voice rose. "Or maybe we should say—to a woman scorned. There are such people you know, Bruce. You know what they do? They try to hurt the one that scorned them. That's what I'm going to do, Bruce. I'm going to hurt you as much as I possibly can."

He looked quickly at her. She drained her glass.

"Bruce, wouldn't it hurt you awfully if I died?"

"Of course. Don't be silly, Elsie. That's not funny."

And then—he didn't see how it was, but in one moment there was a sound you couldn't put in words and she was gone.

He didn't remember going to the window. But he was standing, looking down at the columns of windows with their drawn shades. Horror crept over him. No! He didn't mean for her to do that.

Then suddenly the horror went away in the rush of what would happen now. How could he prove he hadn't murdered her? Because he had. As good as — anyhow. But everybody's shades were drawn. Nobody could have seen that fleeting second when she was silhouetted in the window, and across from the court below was a blank wall of doors. And how was any one to know which window she'd come from? How much was there left of any one falling from nineteen floors up? Anyhow, it would take a long time to connect that mess in the court with Mrs. Bruce Caldwell from Montclair, New Jersey.

All right. So take the bags, walk down one flight of stairs, so the elevator boy won't think of him with that floor.

Easy. There must be a crowd there by now. Check out. Say something about your wife waiting in a taxi outside.

All you got to do now is go to Montclair, take the money out of the bank, and by the time they find out who she is, you'll be gone.

Sitting in the train, he didn't shake any more. All this made it simpler. No bother about the divorce. Now there wouldn't be any expense for even a funeral, much less alimony. It was awful to think that way, but he couldn't help it. She always was a funny kid. Romantic. Like thinking his heart would be torn out because she was dead. Instead of hurting him, she'd made things easier.

When he got off the train at Montclair the police met him.

"You Bruce Caldwell?"

"Yes."

"There was a dame jumped—or was *pushed*—out the nineteenth floor of a hotel uptown."

Bruce said, "What did you say?"

"There was something held in her hand so tight—like she wanted to make sure she wouldn't drop it on the way down. It was the key to your room with the number on it—1936. You don't suppose she held it so if you tried to lam like you did we'd know where to look for you, do you? . . . What's the matter, Mr. Caldwell? You look sick. You ain't *hurt*, are you?"

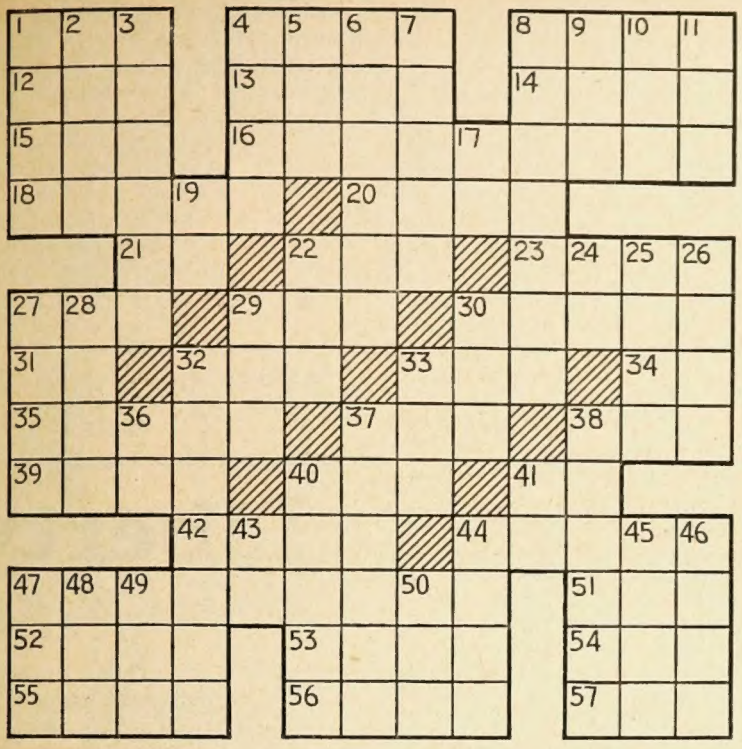
THE END

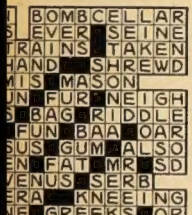
LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY MARY ELLEN VORSE

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE STORY PUZZLE By Margaret Petherbridge





Last week's answer

To solve this crossword, you must first solve the story. For instead of the usual definitions, every word in the puzzle is used in the story. Read it through once and write in as many of the missing words as you can. Then go back and use your cross clues to find other words, until the story and the puzzle are done.

(A=ACROSS; D=DOWN)

There (1A) once a small fat girl named (32A). Of course she might have been christened (45D), after Ibsen's heroine, or (27A), after the Roman goddess of agriculture, or, if perchance she had been a boy, (56A), after the eldest son of Cush.

(32A) was a bluestocking. She loved (19D) curl up with a good book on oil (8D). Her favorite character in fiction was Jane (8A), and the short stories of (29D) did not (35A) her. And (15A) loved a book called " (15A)."

As (9D) may not have suspected, (32A) was fond of animals too. She owned a prize-winning (16A) who was not quite (39A), and a couple of (38D) of strawberry (14A) color, on which he took frequent (40D) in the park. Often she went to the zoo to admire the lazy (31A) and the feathery (49D) and the toucan with the big red (50D).

Unfortunately, (32A) wrote (6D)! Every day she produced an (5D) or two and, frankly, her sense of (52A) was pretty bad. Any one who (44A) living writing (6D) must be good, but the magazines simply would not (29A) for her stuff. However, she made up a ballad in honor of Anthony (53A) in the style of Anthony (4A), and being (47D)-Roosevelt she wrote a long (55A) about the (47A) and the (54A) of plenty just around the corner.

Also unfortunately, (32A) thought she could (12A). To (22A) is human.

She was a woman with a will of (23A). She had this (5D) set up in (28D) type and saw (30D) to read it at a political rally. This was an (7D); it might even be called a (33A).

Of course she wore the most alluring of strapless evening (32D) and golden shoes from which her big (20A) protruded. She was (42A) and span as she mounted the platform.

All eyes began to (25D) her. Before she was anywhere near the (11D) of her oration, one spectator was seen to (30A) closer to the dais. " (41D)," (17D) exclaimed, " and also (41A)! " and with a right arm brawny from carrying (4D) of bricks, he threw a tomato whose (13A) proclaimed to all that it had been allowed to (37A).

(21A) and behold, it hit (38A) with a fearful (46D). Her face became as (40A) as if she had stuck it in an (27D), or gotten too (26D) to Mount (44D) during an eruption. Quickly she began to (37D) from the platform. In fact she (10D) so fast that her dress began to (48D) and slip and she (57A) down hard. She wished fervently that she were under the (33D).

Arising, she made for the nearest (24D) station and traveled all the way to New Orleans, (34A). And although she scrubbed for hours she could not (1D) away the (13A).

To this day she cannot (22D) tomatoes. At the sight of one, her face (18A) up, her heart begins to (2D), and she (3D) away alone. I (36D) sure you feel sorry for (38A), but as ye (51A), so shall ye reap—as sure as (43D) equals 3.1416.

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That's the famous Pompeian Massage! For fifty years well-groomed men have been using this famous treatment. It's great for oily skin, too. Convenient. Economical. Costs less than 2c a treatment. Get a jar today at your drug, department, or dime store, or take advantage of special offer below.

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The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.

Enclosed find 6c in stamps to cover postage and packing for generous jar of Pompeian Massage Cream, at least 4 treatments. L-1

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Uncle Sam's Amazing Seagoing Tank

FULTON OURSLER

YOU ARE going to see in Liberty next week hitherto unpublished photographs of an uncanny and deadly new weapon of the United States—the amphibian tank. Fugitively, here and there, pieces have appeared about these iron alligators, but the information so far published has been meager and unsatisfying. Now, at last, the facts can be told and the real pictures published without jeopardy to the interests of the country and with the full permission of the inventors. On the cover of the next issue you will find an artist's rendering of this amazing seagoing tank—a tank that can swim a swift-flowing river, clamber up the sides of the river bank, and then fling itself headlong through forests and matted jungle growth—a man-made reversion to some primordial monster, an immovable body when it wants to be, and, again, an irresistible force; hell and damnation whichever way it goes. This is the "alligator tank" about which you will be hearing more and more as time goes on; here, in an exclusive article by Noyes Collinson (who helped with the invention) and Walter Karig, you can hear the good news for the navy.

AND PAULETTE GODDARD will be represented in the forthcoming issue, not by anything she has written herself but by a piece Howard Sharpe has written about her—The Private Life of Paulette Goddard. In many curious ways Miss Goddard has been a mystery of Hollywood. Was she, or was she not, married to Charlie Chaplin? Tongues wagged about her friendships, which ran the gamut, either way you figure it, from H. G. Wells to Anatole Litvak.

This Hollywood article is one of several timely and interesting features. Among the others are two especially recommended short stories—Cap'n Hiram and the Talking Feet, by Vingie E. Roe, and The Gorilla and the Girl, by Albert Richard Wetjen. Then there is the bean-ball controversy again. Do you remember what Joe Medwick had to say about it in these pages recently? Well, now Grover Cleveland Alexander, a baseball titan of another day, gives Medwick his come-uppance in a really sportsmanlike rejoinder. Other excellent articles include What Is Your Fire Insurance Policy Worth? by George E. Sokolsky; Do These Kids Know All the Answers? by two young and lovely Helens — Helen Herman and Helen Gilmore; The Crown Jewels of America, by W. J. Cameron, the first of a new series of four-star broadcasts; and The Truth About Opening Nights, by George Jean Nathan.

SALMAGUNDI: Speaking of George Jean Nathan, he brought to our table at the Penthouse Club the other night a remarkable palmist named Germaine. She was formerly a dancer; trouped through South America; now she reads the hand secrets of rich idlers, movie stars, and all the wide-eyed young men. Men take her more seriously than women; the men want to know about the riddle of human personality; the women want tips on the races. Germaine is either the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter or else an extraordinary clear-seeing psychologist; a palm reading from her is like putting your conscience under a microscope. . . . A few weeks ago we ran some verses by an Hawaiian prisoner called Smiley, telling about his joy at being let out. Scores of readers wrote in about this poem. Here is one of the more interesting, from the State Sanitarium in Glencliff, New Hampshire: "The little poem suits me to a T. The day before I leave this sanitarium—I have already been here three years—I am going to present my doctor with a framed copy of the poem. I know it is too late to talk about Christmas seals, but I would like to add a plug for the work they represent. I am indebted more than words can say for my recovery from tuberculosis to people who bought Christmas seals. B. H." . . . Robert J. Harlan of Philadelphia writes: "In answering the questions about Salmagundi, you said you harked back a long, long time. It also caused me to turn back time in its flight to before the Civil War, when salmagundi was a popular dish in our family, with a strong appeal then and now for me. (I am eighty-eight.) We didn't call it salmagundi, though; we called it hash."

Walter Karig got out of a sickbed in time to show our indispensable man, Harry Gray, the sights at the Gridiron dinner. . . . Flew recently to Nassau to talk to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor; more about that later. . . . Fred and Barbara Collins are getting sun tans in Phoenix, Arizona. . . . In Lum Fong's famous restaurant the other night, ran into T. V. Soong, China's financier, the brother of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. What a lot of dams have gone under the water since last we sat, Dr. and Mrs. Soong, Grace Perkins and myself, at the Soong table in Shanghai! That was in May, 1937. . . . Headline from the front page of the New York Herald Tribune: "Morgenthau Not to Evade Loan Ban; Will Obey Johnson Act and Not Lend to Britain Unless Congress Assents." We have come to a strange time in our history when the fact that a Cabinet officer does not intend to evade the law becomes front-page news.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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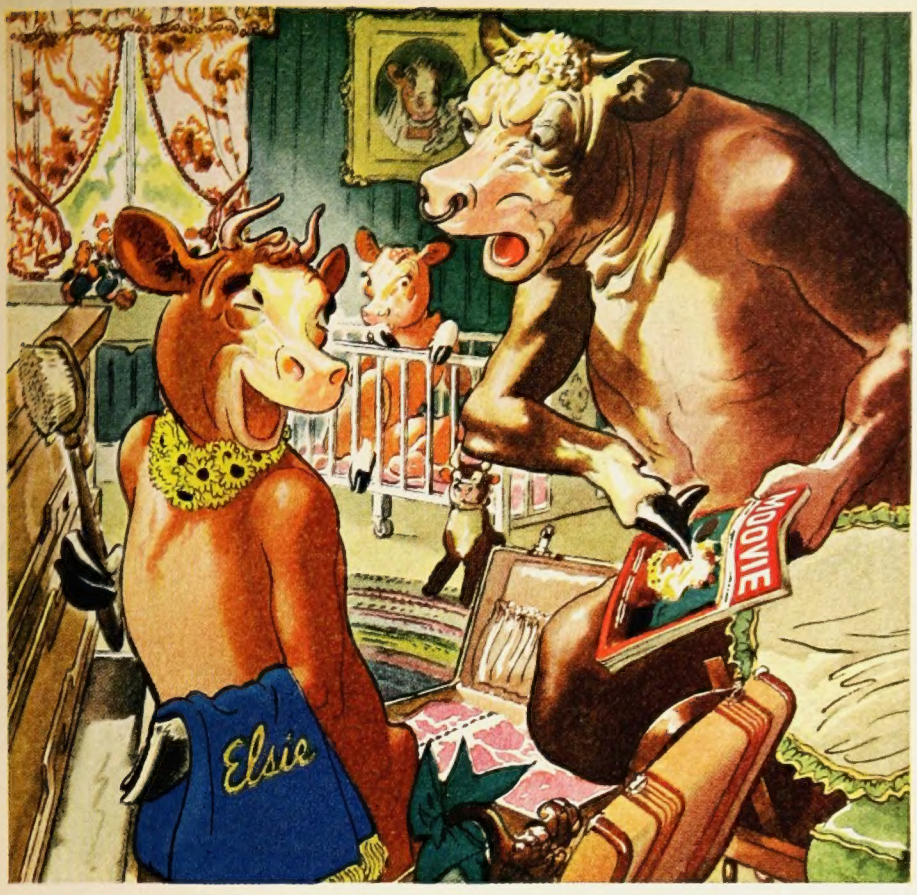
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY O. L. SNIDER OF TRIANGLE



"Don't be silly, Elmer— I'm still a home girl at heart!"

ELMER, THE BULL, was not in a pleasant mood. He clutched a movie fan magazine grimly, and his eyes flashed as he questioned Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Home girl!" he growled; "how could anyone go traipsing off to Hollywood at the drop of a contract—and still be a *home* girl?"

"Goodness, it was only so I could make *one* movie," answered Elsie, going right on with her unpacking. "A very nice movie, too."

"I doubt if I shall see it," stated Elmer stuffily. "I am more interested in finding out just how much the giddy life of Hollywood has changed you."

"Not one bit," asserted Elsie positively. "To me, the brown derby is still just a hat. There's nothing more important in my life than the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* that Borden care and Borden experts help me to produce. And I'd much

rather be back home here feeling proud of all the wonderfully pure, wholesome foods that milk helps to make than seeing my name up in lights."

"Well, your name is being mentioned in connection with more than milk or lights," rumbled Elmer, glancing angrily at his fan magazine.

"Naturally," agreed Elsie. "People are bound to talk—so, no wonder it's all over town that one reason why *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* makes marvelous cake frostings, cookies, and candies like magic, is because it's made from my milk."

"And that, I presume," muttered Elmer, with heavy sarcasm, "is the total extent to which rumor has touched your fair name?"

"Oh, I suppose word also has gotten around about the *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* I help to make," reflected Elsie. "How it not only gets an approving nod from physicians for infant feeding because

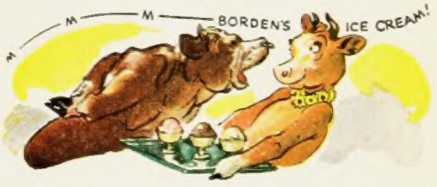
it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D—but is grand, too, for creating lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. Yes, it's only natural I should be the toast of many a jolly dinner table . . ."

"A-ha, *now* we're getting somewhere," snorted Elmer: "And you a *mother!*"

". . . Especially when you think," rambled on Elsie, "how delightfully a good dinner can be topped off with one of the score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. Take, for instance, *Military Brand Camembert*—the famous dessert cheese with the creamy, soul-satisfying heart."

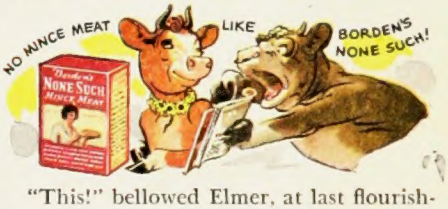
"You talk," interrupted the exasperated Elmer, "as though butter wouldn't melt in your mouth!"

"One of life's pleasantest experiences," replied Elsie, "is the way *Borden's Ice Cream* melts in your mouth—it's so cool, creamy, utterly delightful. Of course my pure milk and cream take a good deal of the credit."



"Movies, soups, ice cream!" grunted Elmer. "I suppose there's *nothing* you won't take credit for!"

"That's not true, Elmer, and you know it!" retorted Elsie. "My milk doesn't happen to go into *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*, for one thing. But *None Such* gets its spicy flavor and wholesomeness from the same kind of Borden care that makes *my* products so good . . . What on earth is making you so quarrelsome?"



"This!" bellowed Elmer, at last flourishing the movie fan magazine under Elsie's nose. "How do you explain this headline, 'Elsie Loves Little Men'?"

"Silly!" giggled Elsie. "Why, 'Little Men' is the name of the movie I made. I'm surprised at you, Elmer—imagining I'd turn out to be a playgirl. Whenever you thought of me while I was away, you should have remembered just one thing!"

"What's that, Elsie?" puzzled Elmer.

Elsie smiled and tweaked his ear: *"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

* * *

See Elsie herself in RKO's delightful new movie, "Little Men," as soon as it comes to your theater.

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